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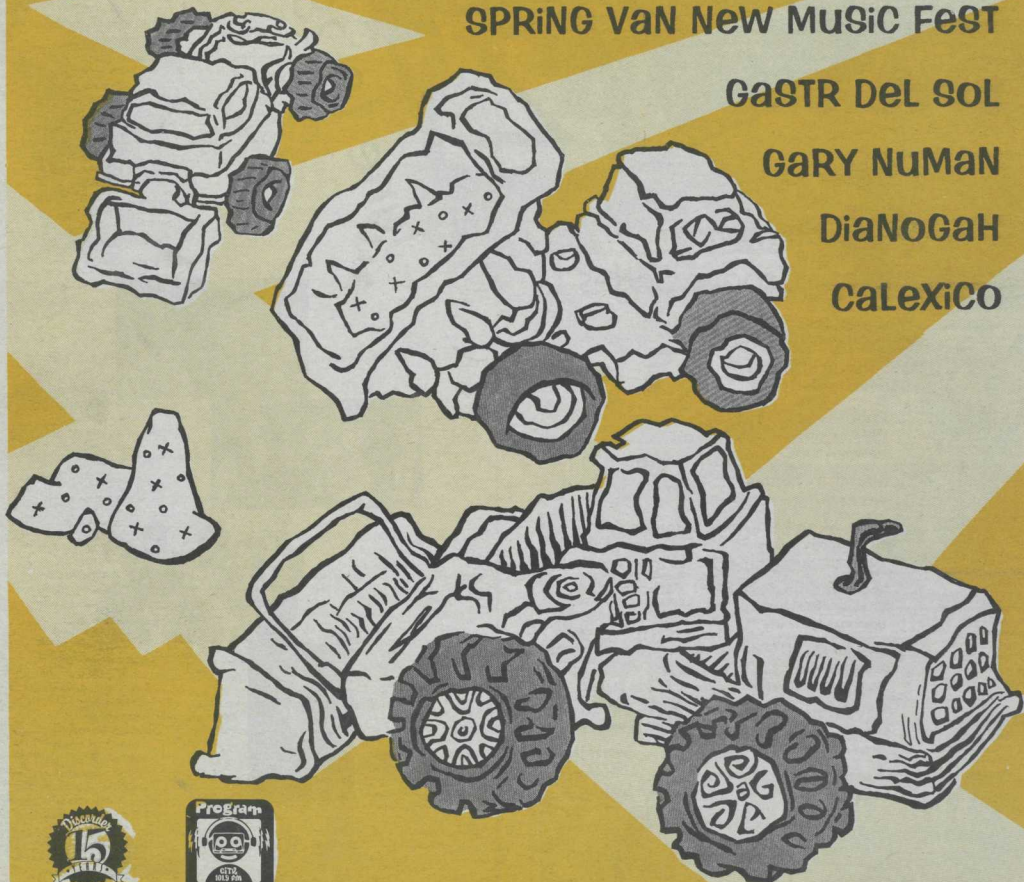
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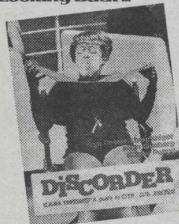
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June, 1985

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COVER

THIS MONTH'S COVER BY RYAN SCHMIDT.
GET YER MOTOR RUNNIN'! IT'S GONNA
BE A COOKER!

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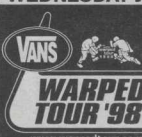
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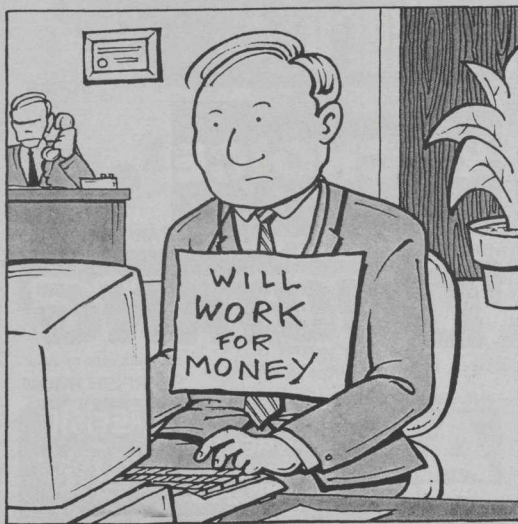
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TED DAVE '98

WE WERE WRONG! WE ADMIT IT!

Yes, we admit it. We are an exhausted bunch and we certainly aren't paid to be here. No matter how much we try to do our work the best we can, we can sometimes screw up. We can read and proof and correct and proof and correct, but that doesn't mean we catch it all. Sorry we got it wrong. Here's the right of it all:

In last month's live review of the Propellerheads show (Friday, March 27 at Sonar), we incorrectly stated that Sonar had organized and promoted the show when, in fact, it was a Timbre Productions show. We also said that Propellerheads had announced they would return for another set but did not when, in fact, they played an encore and ended the night early, as it had been advertised in advance. Third, our writer claimed the house dj was spinning top 40 music when, in fact, he was not. Essentially, we gave Sonar "two thumbs down" for reasons which had no validity.

Not nearly of the same magnitude, we'd nonetheless like to further shed our guilt. An apology is due to those Dukes of Stratospear, who we (not Janis, but us overzealous proofers) so ignorantly misspelt in last month's Vancouver Special column.

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LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY!

Our annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the businesses that support them, will be in the September issue. The deadline for entries is July 15, 1998.

Yessiree! It's time again for the Local Music Directory 1998 callout! We want musicians, zines, labels, videographers, recording studios, webmasters, record stores, music venues, graphic designers and all other manner of musical professions. Do you have too much business? Could a free listing hurt?



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where is not what you wear

BY KITTY POULIN

I have been thinking about the dark side: the business of culture. So what's new about that, you might be wondering. Well, I figure it's about time I started making a little money. Let me give you some context: I'm fucking poor and, worse, deeply in debt. My moral resistance is fading (but it always was a little tarnished). The way I see it, why not work to help fabricate culture, while getting paid for it? My cynicism has crested and, for this very reason, I feel that I'm ready to work for evil.

But is it evil, this culture industry? The sophistication of late capitalism has turned everything into labour-time already. Let's just put it all above board. Join in. Live out those pesky contradictions that dog the dreams of trenchant Marxists. Fuck 'em all. I mean, I already work for the MAN. We all do. Like yours, my life defines a particular economic shadow. Everyone knows that huge, transnational corporations influence political-economic structures (and not to mention our emotional commitments — our private investments of meaning). After all, the THEY or THEM get bigger every time I help circulate money. The system is biased and integrated for THEIR benefit. For my own sanity, I can't be bothered to care about the automaton-like support of Nike products. So what? It's a game, a sham, oh what fun. THEY know about influence and power. Money makes the world go round. Everything else is packaging.

All we know is ideology — stories about the way things were, are, and ought to be. And ideology does build in institutions and social practices. People generally recognize the arbitrary nature of such influence. But this recognition is often half used. For many people, conceptual freedom is enough. Enjoy yourself. Take advantage of our fanciful western privileges. The how and the why are your own problem; that's the swell part. If I can now choose how to read culture — well then, I've got autonomy. And if such autonomy is not

actually freedom, it's still the closest thing so far. Right on. The ambiguity that arises here

Culture is necessarily assumed as given. The exact nature of whatever formation,

The sophistication of late capitalism has turned everything into labour-time already. Let's just put it all above board. Join in. Live out those pesky contradictions that dog the dreams of trenchant Marxists. Fuck 'em all.

is fair game. The former will also be my first principle: ambiguity is the crucial element. But ambiguity is not a special quality that needs to be specifically targeted and developed. Certainly ambiguity can be taken advantage

however, is left out of the explanation. This is my second principle: the possibility for interaction and self-development must always be included in product design and promotion — or theory building. In other words, let confusion

Confusion is a positive aspect here. This is a marketing ideal. Culture is necessarily assumed as given.

of and increased, but it is also a quality that automatically forms in relation to any posited meaning. The rest falls into place.

Ambiguity coincides with culture in general; they are joined moments in the hegemonic inner workings of cultural knowledge. Confusion is a positive aspect here. This is a marketing ideal.

happen. Opening options leaves more potential for interaction. The multivalent Object has multiple platforms for possible realization. This is a template for expanding the lateral as well as horizontal potential of market definition, and the inherent nature of the commodity-form is capitalized upon: it is "freed" within the ephemera of cul-

ture. All this can be used in the development of a long-term marketing strategy as much as one that takes advantage of the current formation and proclivity of the market. If history is congealed in the Object, then subsequent generations will "always-already" be the target Subject. Pastiche is a holy mantra, three cheers for postmodernism.

With this in mind, I've decided to become a business guru, a high-paid consultant. I'm going to get into marketing, design and advertising. I'm developing my own program and techniques, applying what I've learned in school: cultural studies, psychoanalytic theory, post-structuralism, etc. They have a practical use, after all. At the very least, I now have a little cultural savvy to exploit. It's about time my education began to pay off.

I plan on being highly specialized, focusing on the most desperate market segments. Cultural elites will be my target. Hipsters, artists, the style-obsessed. Those who are most committed to their life-styles are the most easily manipulated. They are ripe for it. I will neither ponder them nor underestimate them. But I will take advantage of them; cultural elites will be my medium and the commodity-form my tool. My secret is: step back, be invisible, let people take advantage of one another. They'll not need to be encouraged to generate whatever "cutting edge" — they'll do it anyway. Hooray. They do what they do and I'll be ready to use it. And if something else new develops, then I'll take advantage of that, too. The previous "cutting edge" will always slowly circulate to the least hip, or whatever. Look at lounge culture, for example, or drum and bass. These patterns already exist. All this is obvious. Tyler Brule is my new role model, until he falls out of glamour, that is, and he will. After all, business is never personal — my third principle.

Please send all job offers to me via *Discorder*; the address can be found on the masthead. I'm willing to work for lots of cash. My valuable cultural insight can be yours for a price. Attention Nike, Coke or Pepsi, Sony, Universal, Time-Warner, or whoever: if you've got the money, then my powerful program could be yours — right now. Step right up. •

Date: Wed, 8 Apr 1998 10:57:18 -0500 (CDT)

From: [REDACTED]@du

To: [REDACTED]@du

Subject: Re: Hello! disorder interview

>Is it true that "Camofleur" is the last Gastr Del Sol album?

it's the last one featuring both jim and me. whether or not it's the last one - no plans have been made one way or the other.

>Did you feel that the band had reached its limit musically? definitely not! i'm not sure that i ever would.

>What are your plans now?

keeping busy - i've just returned from a two-week solo tour in europe and am in the midst of working on a solo lp that should be out sometime in the fall. i'm building up a group feel bit by bit in the studio, and so far john mcintire and tony conrad are along for the ride.

>The new album is a major depart from the old Gastr sound. What were some of the concepts behind "Camofleur"? It sounds kinda like a farewell album. see, i just can't say that it strikes me as a farewell record. in general, we just wanted to focus the material, limit the lengths of the songs (we had been doing very long live versions), and relieve some of the self-censorship that had, for instance, not allowed us to be particularly . . . funky.

>Why did you turn to such a "rootsy" sound after the space-age >(futuristic?) constructs on "Upgrade and Afterlife?" the love of acoustic instruments, one of my real passions.

>Your earlier stuff seems to work a lot with texture. Does "Camofleur" still deal with texture as heavily, but in a different genre? i think the idea is that on "camofleur", texture - novel texture - isn't the most exalted element.

>The vocal influence seems to have shifted from the earlier work. (Now it seems more melodic and percussive.) How do you account for this?

not fearing repetition, not being so concerned with stark originality.

>Are you still based mainly in Chicago?

abba-so-lutely.

>[if so]

>Can you see yourself moving on any time soon?

i think i'm more settled-slash-satisfied with my living condition than anytime before. for a long time, whenever i was on tour i'd always find a different spot: hanksville on angelus, parks - where i could imagine myself packing up and moving to, but now it's more a matter of chicago being the place of friends, work - a really satisfying home (base). part of it, however, is that i get to leave it whenever i want.

>Have you ever written music for another artist?

yes

>[if so]

>Who?

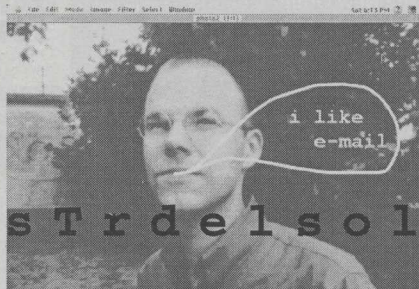
stephen prina. he's an artist from los angeles who also sings in the red krayola. i wrote some material for and co-produced his upcoming solo album, push comes to love - look for it.

>Will you be touring for the new record?

probably in the u.s. at the end of the summer, europe again in june. thanks very much!

best,

d



gastRdelSol

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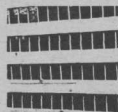
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- Exclaim Magazine



Guy Smiley I Can't Turn Back

Their work ethic has won them a legion of fans and the quality of Can't Turn Back should win them more ...The band at its frantic best.

- Winnipeg Free Press

Choke on tour...

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June 06	Edmonton, AB	All ages
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June 11	White Rock, BC	Funky Planet
June 12	Langley, BC	All ages
June 13	Vancouver, BC	TBA
June 14	Victoria, BC	All ages
June 15	Nanaimo, BC	Queen's Pub
June 17	Kamloops, BC	All ages

June 18	Red Deer, AB	TBA
June 19	Edmonton, AB	All ages
June 20	Calgary, AB	All ages
June 21	Kelowna, BC	All ages
June 24	Jasper, AB	Pete's
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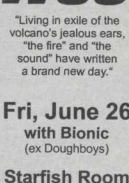
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dianogah

Could you please identify yourselves, your names, ages and instruments?

Jay: Jay Ryan, I play the sharp bass and I'm 25.

Jason: Jason Harvey, 26, bass.

Kip: My name is Kip McCabe. I'm 26 and I play drums.

Why does Dianogah have two bass players?

Jay: Because neither Jason nor I know how to play guitar. Kip is actually the best guitar player in the band, but he's a bit busy playing the drums and only one person we know can play the drums and guitar at the same time and that is Ryan Rhapsis [sic] of Euphone.

Tell us a little bit about the history of Dianogah.

Jay: It was originally a sex thing ...

Kip: Basically, Jay and Jason were going to do the same college and playing together for a year or so, and then they moved to Chicago and needed a drummer to start a band.

My girlfriend used to go out with Jason's roommate and that's how I hooked up with them.

Being a double-

bass band, it's sort of hard to pin-point any influences but what would you say?

Jason: Well, we bought the first Tortoise album and we all liked it, and basically there's too many people in that band already, so we could be called a rip-off band of Tortoise, I guess. And then they changed their sound and we couldn't afford a sampler, so I guess we're what they would have been. [laughs] **Kip:** I would say our biggest influence is Vince Guaraldi.

Jay: And definitely Bitch Magnet.

Your songs often remind me of really good theme songs from 1980's TV sitcoms. Do you rip off TV theme songs or does it just turn out that way?

Jay: [laughs] I think it was Chris Manfrin from Seam who once told us our music was 'the soundtrack to chubby mammals wrestling.' I'd say probably that most of our songs are derived from variations on *The A-Team* theme song.

Do you think that being from Chicago affects your band? Is it an attention grabber for people who haven't heard you, and is that a good or bad thing?

Kip: I don't think so, necessarily. I mean, we all like the city of Chicago, but there are a lot of diverse and, at this time, popular bands there. In some sense that might be beneficial to other people who might look towards Chicago as some sort of haven for music, but I don't think that, in large, it really influences the type of music that we play.

Jay: I don't think there's actually a scene in Chicago, there's just a lot going on. There's not really any type of cohesive sound, like no one can listen to a band and say, 'Oh, that's a Chicago band.'

Jason: Some people might disagree with that!

Jay: Yeah, some people might ... well, OK, I take that all back. In retrospect, most of what I just said is totally wrong.

Basically, just reverse everything I've stated about Chicago.

What was it like recording with Steve Albini?

Jason: Uhh ... he's very ... professional.

Jay: He's mean-spirited, abusive.

Kip: Let's perpetuate the myth!

Jay: OK! He's the biggest jackass. He followed us around and hit us with bricks.

Kip: He told Jason he'd wear his ass for a hat! Actually, recording with Steve was the best experience. He was the best person we could have had to record our record.

Jay: [interrupts] Bob Weston is also very good, just so his feelings don't get hurt. Both of them are extremely good at what they do and are very good at putting the band at ease.

Kip: Playing the same song for the 28th time, they don't make you feel like a dumb shit — except Bob always makes me feel like a dumb shit.

What do you have coming out soon, so people can put it on their wish lists?

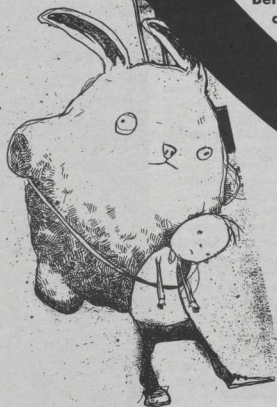
Jay: OK, let's see ... we have a brand new 7" on Highball Records which is a split with the Logletters. Mark Greenburg from The Coctails is in that band. It's actually our first 'Team Dianogah' record, which is stuff we've been working on for a while. We have John Upchurch, who is another Coctail, playing baritone clarinet. We'll also be on a compilation coming out and our first EP is being re-released.

Am I correct in assuming that 'Dianogah' is an enemy monster in a Godzilla movie?

Jay: I think you're thinking of Gamarah. Actually I think Dianogah was the giant cactus on wheels.

Kip: Dianogah is a very obscure pop culture reference. You'd have to do your own research or be true geeks like we are to know exactly what the Dianogah is.

Jay: Or listen to some Steve Miller lyrics like we always do after practice. In one of his songs, there's a line that goes something like, 'waiting for the dianogah.' Obviously, we misunderstood it. We realized later he was talking about beer. *



► by Chris Corday

Spring! the 2nd Vancouver International New Music Festival by Greg Newsome



James MacMillan

Contemporary art music is such a straw dog. You can kick the hell out of this poor little mutt with a few sweeping generalizations and a couple of worn-out stereotypes and, in the end, feel pretty good about it. Schoenberg's "mathematic" harmony, Webern's sparse pointillistic textures, Cage's aleatoric works, Ligeti's static structures — there's plenty of ammo available for those committed to musical canine abuse. This, by the way, isn't a lament exclusive to the twentieth century: even Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was described by Viennese music critics as a nonsensical pastiche slopped together by a deaf old man. History has, of course, proven that Beethoven and numerous other composers weren't maligned musical fools but were, in fact, fantastically creative artists composing truly new and original music. This same spirit of musical innovation exists right here in Vancouver and there's no better place to check it out than at *Spring!* the 2nd Vancouver International New Music Festival.

Spring! opens on May 29th and runs through June 6th, featuring 48 new works and 19 world premieres by local, Canadian, and international composers over the course of 10 concerts. The festival program is very diverse: there are concerts of orchestral and chamber music, a concert devoted solely to electroacoustic works, and an evening of solo piano with Eve Egoyan, a Canadian pianist of exceptional talent. In addition to Egoyan, Vancouver New Music has recruited a number of other outstanding interpreters of contemporary repertoire, including the virtuoso Vancouver quintet Standing Wave, Britain's fantastic Maggini String Quartet, the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, the CBC Vancouver Orchestra, the Vancouver Chamber Choir, the formidable Vancouver New Music Ensemble, and the two piano/two percussion quartet, Rhythmic Attorneys at Large. Also involved is the Canadian cellist Shauna Rolston, whose golden playing will be heard in Heather Schmidt's new work for cello and orchestra, and bass clarinetist Lori Freedman, whose truly stellar abilities will be put to the test in Iannis Xenakis' ephemeral *Echange*. For what it's worth, I've heard most of these ensembles and their constituent players before, and I can promise you the festival will be rich with great performances.

The other half of the new music equation involves composers and *Spring!* promises great music from every composition community. Vancouver composers are repre-

sented en masse — there will be a new string quartet from Owen Underhill; chamber music of diverse instrumentation from John Burke, Nikolai Korndorf, Jacqueline Leggatt, John Oliver, Doug Smith, and John Korsrud; and electroacoustic music by Scott Morgan and Doug Cross, Janet Berman, Ron Samworth, and Rita Ueda. The evening of live electroacoustics, put on in conjunction with Vancouver Pro Musica, involves instruments and tape, signal processing, and interactive systems, and should be a very cool exploration of what many feel is the long-term direction of contemporary art music. UBC graduate students Jocelyn Morlock and Bradshaw Pack both have pieces in the festival; Pack's new work for percussion will be performed by the aforementioned Rhythmic Attorneys at Large on a program that includes Luciano Berio's classic *Linea* and music by Christos Hatzis, Tobin Stokes, and Omar Daniel. Vancouver's Janet Danielson will present a new work for orchestra and, on opening night, UBC composition professor Keith Hamel premieres *Overdrive*, commissioned for the festival by the VSO, on a program with VSO composer-in-residence Rodney Sharman's *The Arcylic Smile* and Russian composer Sofia Gubaidulina's *Offertorium*. Also on this program of orchestral music is the dramatic *The World's Ransoming* by James MacMillan, the guest composer at this year's festival.

MacMillan, a Scottish composer, describes his compositional philosophy as one that "looks beyond the introversion of the New Music 'ghetto' and seeks a wider communication while in no way promoting a compromising populism." He cites Celtic music, Birtwhistle, Stravinsky, Messiaen, and some minimalist composers as stylistic influences but cautions that describing his music via these kind of associations is somewhat inaccurate. The prolific 38 year-old composer possesses a refreshing compositional eclecticism that embraces the seemingly incongruous elements of British modernism, popular music, neo-romanticism, and minimalism; in his musical theatre piece *Visitation Sepulchri*, you'll find music that ranges in character from tooth-rottingly sweet string passages to modernistic angular and fragmented textures to shamelessly tonal harmonizations of cantabile melodies. With this compositional aesthetic, MacMillan has achieved an enviable popularity without pandering to the concertgoing public or sacrificing the intellectual aspect of his music. Direct emotional impact, rhythmic vitality, healthy experimentalism,

and cool textures characterize MacMillan's art. At *Spring!* there will be performances of the orchestral works *Tryst* and *Seven Last Words from the Cross* along with the previously mentioned *The World's Ransoming*, as well as his string quartet *Why is this night different?*

Other festival events include a special afternoon public forum with MacMillan, as well as the week-long Festival Symposium, which is also open to the public and dedicated to the discussion of issues surrounding new music. Throughout the *Vogue* shows, there will be site-specific acoustic installations by Grant Gregson, Ben Rogalsky, and Carlos Vela-Martinez. The June 5th concert presents the music of the three finalists in the 1998 Vancouver New Music Competition for Emerging Composers; one of the finalists is UBC doctoral candidate Gordon Fitzell, competing with a super-creative chamber work for amplified cello and prepared timpani. Definitely worth hearing.

So check it out! Every concert will be its own unique musical experience where you're likely to hear strangely beautiful melodies, complex textures, motoristic rhythms, very cool timbres, or none of the above. The only thing I know for sure is that there will be scads of great performances of the modern art music composed and played by a lot of Vancouverites.*

For more information on specific concerts, contact Vancouver New Music at 606.6440 or on the internet at www.newmusic.org.

Most of the festival activity takes place at the *Vogue Theatre*, hosting seven concerts and the Festival Symposium; the other events happen at either the *Orpheum* or the *Roundhouse Community Centre*.

Most concerts get started at 8pm, the lone exception being the June 3rd concert beginning at 11am.

gary human



by Shane Vander Meer and Coreen Wolski

DISORDER: Being one of the pioneers of electronic synth-pop, how do you feel about where the genre has gone, where it has ended up some 20 years later, and how your new album *Exile* fits into that?

Gary Numan: I'm not really that aware at this point where electronic music has gone as a genre. It seems to me to be, by and large, incorporated into every kind of music. You'll see synthesizers or some kind of electronic technology being used across the board, so be it sampling or hard disk editing or even hard disk recording, right across to synthesizers. It's just been absorbed into mainstream music which, as far as I'm concerned, is the best thing that could have happened. There's

a few people that were trying to stay purely electronic, but I think that they're living in the past, really. I think it impresses limitations on you for no reason whatsoever — unless you think it's cool to not have guitars or whatever.

Throughout the '90s, there was that whole grunge movement where music got taken away from the electronic scene, but with bands such as the Prodigy, do you think that there will be a renaissance for the synthesizer and drum machine as they gain more mass appeal?

It's possible. I don't know what Prodigy use technically — I mean, I went to see them a while ago

and they used guitars and had stuff going on on-stage and that was all very cool. I've not used a drum machine since 1983. Personally, I use either samples or real drums. I use real drums on stage and I've got a couple of keyboard players and I've got a guitar player and I play guitar and keyboards on stage. So it really is a case of trying to incorporate the electronic thing. I think you can have electronic-based music without it being purely electronic. I think that the guitar is a very useful addition to add substance, weight, and variety in all kinds of atmospheres, to a song that perhaps you wrote on a synthesizer or wrote as electronic music.

We were going to do the interview yesterday, but you were going to go see The Spice Girls.

That was a secret! Yeah, I did. I went to see them last night in Wembley Arena and I'm never going to come away thinking, "Oh, what a great talent," but I'm going to say that that show was geared toward a particular audience, which was mainly between seven and 12 year-old children, and they loved it. And that band that they are using are some serious musicians and they've kind of taken the relatively bland Spice Girls feel and turned it into something better live. I really got off on the band, actually; they were doing some really good stuff.

In the middle of the album there is a picture of you wearing these amazing boots — where did you get them?

Are they the ones with the springs in the heels? Yeah!

I got them in New York. You can buy them here now. They're great, isn't [sic] they? But a bit too heavy for real life.

How tall are you, for the record?

I'm five foot eight and a quarter.

So at the Starfish Room, where you'll be playing in Vancouver, it's a pretty small place. Are the other stops on the North American tour smaller and, if so, is there a reason that you opted for smaller over larger?

Well, that's about the smallest. I think the biggest that we'll be doing is about 1200. I think it's a genuine and honest representation of where I'm at, really. I've been around a long, long time but my career, in many ways, started in reverse — I started pretty big and got progressively smaller. Not in terms of size, but in career success. I think what I'm doing is starting again. I'm right at the bottom — my career has been in the toilet for a few years, even in this country where I tend to do better.

Your old record label, Beggars Banquet, has put out an album of remixes with a lot of the newer electronic people remixing some of your old stuff. Have you heard this?

Well, there was one called *Random One*, which is about 26 bands doing cover versions.

There's also *Random Two*. Have you heard that one?

Yeah, *Random Two* is actually techno remixes. I've heard that one.

Do you like any of them, or do you think they've just butchered your songs?

They were both intended as tribute albums, so it would be very unkind of me to be too critical. On the first one, there were at least a dozen songs of the 26 that I genuinely like a lot. Some of them I thought were better than my originals and I really did learn a fair bit. In fact, the first song that we do on the tour is a very old song that a band called Pop Will Eat Itself did a cover of on the *Random* album. I now do a cover version of their cover version, if that makes any sense, because it was really, really excellent.

There [were] a few that I wasn't too keen on. I think they sort of lost the point of what the original song was meant to be about, atmosphere wise and product wise. But I think the nature of it was that people were going to try really strange and unusual things and I think that's why it worked. The *Random Two* album is not really my cup of tea to any extent. I think if you're meant to be remixing a song, then you're meant to be remixing what was there, and adding a few things here and there to give it flavour. You're not meant to be completely writing a different song and giving it the same title which is what an awful lot of these so-called remixes are. They take three or four samples from one lyric or one line, spin that into someone else's song completely or their own, which is normally going about 130 bpm so you can dance to it, and then they say it's a remix.

The new album definitely has an atmosphere and most of the songs are about religion and your disapproval of it. What is that about?

The *Exile* album in particular is about, well, it's not what I believe. I don't now and I never have had any religious belief or faith whatsoever. I'm almost the opposite. I lean slightly against it. So what *Exile* is, as far as I'm concerned, is a horror story set to music. It would be much more appropriate as a movie soundtrack, but there wasn't a movie made and that's a shame.

Maybe that will be your next project.

Yeah! You never know. I'd be into that, actually. *Exile*, the new album, looks at the idea that, what if God and the devil were actually the same thing? What if there was no devil, but God has a dark side? God has an ego and he can be paranoid and he can be viscous and frightened every bit as often as he can be kind and good and forgiving. The album before *Exile* was called *Sacrifice* and in that one, I looked at god a little bit as well, but it had much more to do with what I really believed and how I really saw it. It caused a bit of an upset amongst some people and I was dealing with the feedback from that when I started to write *Exile*. You know, there's a lot of religious people amongst the fanbase who were writing, saying I shouldn't have done it and I was being very offensive and so on. It wasn't intended like that at all, but I believe certain things, and sometimes you write about them. But anyway, when it comes to *Exile*, I was trying to find a middle ground point of view that would allow for the existence of God and answer some of the questions I would have about how the world itself could be so viscous, not just to humans but animals who eat other animals. Everything dies horribly, even the weather can kill you. So I was looking for something that would answer both things and God having a dark side seemed to answer that, but as far as I'm concerned, it's just fiction.

I found your new album pretty true to the sound you've trademarked for yourself, especially your vocals. Was this deliberate?

It's more a lack of interest. If I like something, I'll be as guilty as the next man of borrowing ideas from it whenever I can. I'm a big Trent Reznor fan. And I like a lot of the Depeche Mode stuff.

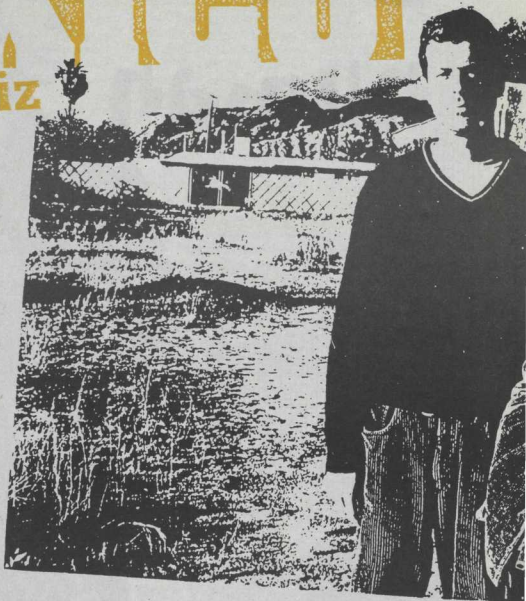
That's funny because I saw the same thing. I thought *Exile* sounded a lot like Depeche Mode's later work as well. Just some of that sweeping orchestral thing going on.

Very grandiose, very large sounding, but also very melodic at the same time. Under everything, there's massive grooves and rhythm going on. I love that sort of thing, so I'm quite prepared to look around to see what other people are doing if I think it's useful and learn from it. *

CALEXICO

by Anna Friz

Calexico is an offshoot of the Giant Sand talent pool: specifically, they are the ubiquitous rhythm section of Joey Burns and John Convertino going it alone. Their debut *Spoke* was as sparse and arid as Arizona desert, with sprinklings of cantina accordion. Their new release is set in the same landscape, with a few black velvet mariachi paintings added to the musical decor. I caught up with Joey and John on tour backing up Victoria Williams. Our interview involved some passing around of the phone while they set up in the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco. While Joey talks, imagine John noodling around on the vibes in the background. Will in the languid southwestern draws and get a taste of Calexico.



DISORDER So let's start with the beginnings of Calexico. The two of you have worked on a number of side projects as well as being part of Giant Sand, so why Calexico? How did that all come together?

Joey: Well, Calexico came about by the fact that John and I had some free time and we wanted to try doing some recording at home in Tucson, and record pretty lo-fi on an eight-track. And playing together for so long with Giant Sand — we've been playing together since 1990 — we have all become pretty comfortable playing with each other. But whereas Giant Sand is mostly us following Howe [Gelb], we thought we might try doing some stuff of our own.

Yeah, like writing your own tunes.

Joey: Yeah, exactly; stuff that I had done in the past but hadn't really paid too much time doing since we were busy with Giant Sand, and then we had started this other band, Friends of Dean Martinez.

What about other side projects? You guys worked with Lisa Germano ...

Joey: Lisa Germano, Richard Buckner, Barbara Manning, Bill Janovitz, Michael Hurley, Rainer ... this guy named Rainer Pachel, who was also a big influence on us from Tucson.

So is Calexico more of a side project or is it evolving into its own focus?

Joey: It's evolving into its own. Everything is a side project. We do so many different things. We just like to do different things. I think that's the key. So whether it's backing up Victoria Williams, or playing with Giant Sand, or doing ODB — which is another project we do with Howe Gelb — we just like playing different things, different styles, different instruments. John plays the vibraphone, marimbas, drums, accordion, piano, little bit of guitar and bass. I play guitars, cello, bass, sing some. So for us, it's a chance to develop each one

of these areas of our style and playing.

I have a question about the accordion, actually —

Joey: Sure.

I'm an accordion player as well and I find the accordion is an oppressed instrument. I was wondering what your thoughts were on being an accordion player.

Joey: We're both accordion players, so you should ask us both the same question. I don't know if oppressed is the right word, but it just hasn't been popular in popular music. I think it's more popular in traditional music, or maybe ... you know, it has a certain sense. Hearing an accordion, depending on how it's played, you know, it can remind you of a Parisian setting or it can remind you of Mexican music. But there's some really great players nowadays — notably, Astor Piazzolla from Argentina. He's just phenomenal. The accordion mainly comes from most of our families. For me, it's my grandfather. He passed his accordion on to me before he passed away. So I started playing it ever since then.

I'm also curious about the name, Calexico.

On the one hand, it really reflects your musical influences, but I did a little research and found out that Calexico is an 'increasingly lawless' border crossing ...

Joey: [laughs] That's right! In search of a name, we were driving across the desert to San Diego from Tucson, Arizona before going on one of these Giant Sand tours in Europe. I was making a tape of my home recordings that were just solo and I used that as the name of the project and I called the tape *Superstition Highway*. Once we had done the home recording and we had this album coming out in Germany on vinyl only, we decided to use the name *Spoke*. But then in New Jersey and New York we found out that in fact the name was already taken. So we thought about another name and we decided upon Calexico.

I hear you have a new release coming out pretty soon ... Is it still just the three of you?

Joey: It's mainly the two of us. So it's got more of the instruments with the addition of some pedal steel and some mariachi trumpets and some strings.

So Tasha's not in it quite as much?

Joey: Not as much. Tasha, who's John's wife, played drums on a couple of songs we recorded at home, but for most of the record John played drums. Just like on the Friends of Dean Martinez, John played drums on most all the tracks, [but it] just wasn't credited to his name. We were going to try to use some of her samples for this album, but when we asked [Touch and Go] about using samples they said, well, it's just going to cost a lot of money to get clearance, so we said, *owright*, forget it, we won't do that now, we'll just try to sample ourselves. But I think in the future it would be nice to try to use Tasha's d.j. sensibilities. She's got an incredible record collection. Some of the songs that came about on this new record were influenced by her records and her taste in music, kinda the latin jazz influence. There's a song called 'Chach,' another one called 'Stray,' that's kinda influenced by some stuff that she's been playing and spinning down in Tucson at the Club Havana night.

I guess you're going to be getting more and more of that border crossing kind of feeling —

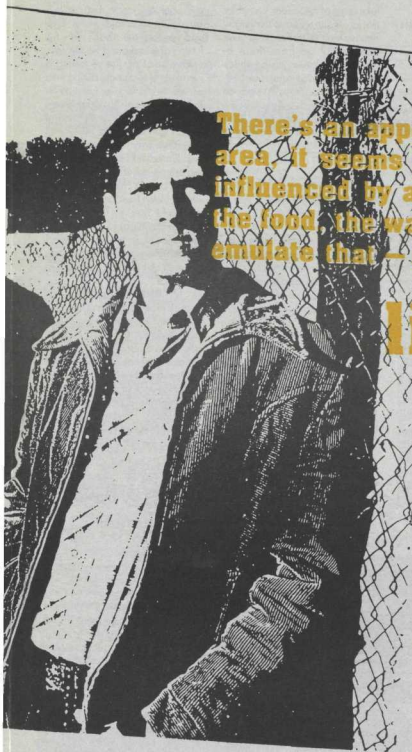
Joey: I guess the album could be seen as a heavily border-influenced record.

You live in Tucson as well, [which isn't] that far from the border. Did you grow up in Tucson?

Joey: No, I grew up in California. We chose to move there, me, maybe four years ago, John, about five. For us, moving there was really appealing since we live in part of the barrio. It's the old part of town, so basically you're in old Mexico. There's an appeal there, something that kind of draws you to this area, it seems like you're in another country. Being there, we're influenced by a lot of stuff — the music, the people, the culture, the food, the way of life, the laidbackness. We're not trying to just emulate that — for us, it's a snapshot of where we're at right now. I definitely would like to try doing some different things musically: working with other people, maybe some friends in Chicago. I like the idea of blending atmospheric mixes with different instrumentations in different fields.

Most of the projects you've worked on, like playing now with Victoria Williams, and specifically Calexico and Giant Sand seem to be really influenced by the fact that you and the group of musicians you tend to work with all live in a similar area that's dry and arid and not so urban or people-oriented.

Joey: There must be something there that's kind of connecting us. There must be something about each other that we can relate to; maybe the spaciousness, maybe the way we work. I don't know what it is. I



There's an appeal there, something that kind of draws you to this area. It seems like you're in another country. Being there, we're influenced by a lot of stuff — the music, the people, the culture, the food, the way of life, the laidbackness. We're not trying to just emulate that — for us, it's a snapshot of where we're at right now.

living in the barrio



don't want to question it, I just want to get into it. **If you could play with bands or musicians living or dead, what would be your dream lineup?**

Joey: I think it'd be great to hop in for a night with Duke Ellington and, after the first set, go through time to hang out with Monk and Mingus, Miles Davis. And then I think it'd be fun to cruise over across town to the Beastie Boys and all their friends. Take a flight to Chicago and hang out there for a day, then from Chicago I'd like to go straight down to Lima, Peru, and have all my South American friends join me there. I love the Afro-Peruvian thing that's going on there. And then for the end of the night, when the whole trip is done, I'd like to hang out in the wee hours of the morning with Billie Holiday.

I asked Joey already, and I'm going to ask you, John, too: I've found the accordion to be an oppressed instrument in that it's the butt of musical jokes, and I'm wondering what you think of accordions. What kind of relationship do you have to the accordion and why are you interested in it?

John Convertino: Hmm. So you think people make jokes about them?

You know that Far Side cartoon: 'Welcome to Heaven, here's your harp. Welcome to Hell, here's your accordion?'

John: Oh, 'cause like the polka thing.

Whenever I bring out my accordion at a jam, I don't even have to play anything, the gimmick has already happened.

John: [laughs] Yeah, because it's a traditional instrument. My father was a great accordionist. He was kind of a master at it. It got phased out in the '50s when the electric organ got really popular and he switched over to piano, become a pianist after that. I remember when I was about 10 years old, I was at my grandfather's — they were immigrants from Italy — and my grandfather had kept my dad's accordion for a long time. He pulled it out, and my dad played, and that was the first time I'd ever seen him play, and the sound was magnificent. So I started asking him questions about the accordion. I guess in his day they had an accordion choir with like 30 accordions doing Bach. He said it sounded like a massive pipe organ. He never gave us lessons, though. A few years back my wife bought an accordion and I just picked it up, and this little melody just came out. It came out real easy and real pretty. That was that song, 'Per Sempre' on the Friends of Dean Martinez record. That was one of the first songs I ever wrote, period. And that came out on the accordion, so I felt a real affinity to the instrument.

Do you play a piano accordion or a push-

button?

John: Piano accordion. A medium size 120 bass. I see pictures of my dad, and he had one of those really big ones with 12 voicings, and you could change some of the voicings with your chin. Man, what I'd do to have that accordion back.

That leads me to ask about playing instruments versus electronic mixing, or recording in the studio versus recording acoustically at home. Is your music going to stay in this spare acoustic sound?

John: I think it's going to get mixed up more. Especially if we have the time and the money to do that [chuckles]. But I mean, essentially it always comes right down to the acoustic. When you sit down with your instrument and play. That's the basis of what Joey and I really want to do. Everything on top is whatever goes. You can experiment with loops and stuff, and building on top of them too, but I think the main focus will be playing instruments.

You've been considered part of the emerging cowboy-lounge, countrified, traditional revival underground. Why do you think this music is happening now? Why do you think it's becoming popular again?

John: I wonder if it's not the music so much as the nature of the business that's causing that to happen. The whole rock realm is clogged and all the bands are sounding the same, so people are getting together in their living rooms and putting songs together. And I think that's like the underground. And the underground starts happening and people think, 'Oh, I like this. It sounds different than what's on the radio.' I knew when Friends of Dean Martinez started that people were just happy to hear a band play live that wasn't playing loud. I certainly hope it doesn't turn into a trend and die out, 'cause that would be sad.

John: [laughs]

But of course, I'm talking to a member of

Giant Sand, so you've proven that you've got some staying power ...

John: Yeah, I mean, Giant Sand has its roots in country blues and acoustic jazz, that's where Howe comes from. But he loves to rock, too.

What's happening with Giant Sand these days?

John: We just recorded a record, and we've been signed to V2 Records. So that should be coming out this year some time. Howe's still working on it. He's going through the process of tearing it down and building it all back up.

If you were to put together your dream lineup of bands to play with, living or dead, who would it be?

John: Oh, man ... that's so hard. The list would get so long. I would love to play with Duke Ellington, someone who's so vast in his musical ear yet still so disconnected from it. He was able to abstract so well. Whenever I think of people I'd want to play with I always think of piano players like Thelonious Monk. The piano is so all-encompassing, it's like a miniature orchestra. If you could go back in time and tour on trains, you know what I mean? And play acoustically like they did. Before I came to talk to you I was kind of pissed because I was up there by my drums and it's like, God, there's just so many microphones. You know, there's one on my hi-hat, one on my snare, one on the bottom of my snare, on both toms and overhead and on the vibraphones and cords everywhere. Why does it have to be this way? Why can't we just play? Have one or two mics for vocals. But it has turned into such a science.

That's what I like about Spoke, it's so out-on-the-back-porch feeling.

John: Two mics. One over the drums or the vibes, and Joey had one on his guitar, and that was it. We basically played to the room and hoped those mics would pick it up. *

Real Live Action



HIGH LLAMAS THE APPLES IN STEREO Saturday, March 28 Starfish Room

I expected quite a bit more than I got from this show. **The Apples In Stereo**, who come off so squeaky-clean and harmonic on vinyl, just didn't do it for me live. The best thing about their set was watching audience member Robert Dayton grooving down in his leisure suit. The Apples seemed strangely suited to playing for a retro crowd and were good enough for the kids to dance to.

Once headliners **The High Llamas** took the stage, all dancing ceased. Most all forms of movement ceased, for that matter. I hate to say it, but this band is definitely not one to see live. They don't DO anything! Maybe it's just me, working action, action, and more action, but the High Llamas really put me to sleep. Their harmonies and playing were perfect — perfect recreations of the songs on the CD, that is. If you want to compare these guys to **Stereolab** (similar sound, don't you think?), don't bother — at least Laetitia danced for us in. In end, not even all that neat-sounding vibraphone (or whatever that pretty xylophone thing is called) could convince me that I was having a good time, and I went home a largely unsatisfied customer.

Julie Colero

BUFFALO DAUGHTER THE BEANS Saturday, April 4 Starfish Room

Before the show, I had heard neither **The Beans** nor **Buffalo Daughter**. Nearly everyone I talked to had never heard **Buffalo Daughter** either, but **The Beans** seem to be rapidly developing a reputation as the next big little Vancouver thing, and I was very eager to see what they were about. It was **Buffalo Daughter's** "Japaneseness" and "Grand Royalness," though, that I, and most everyone else, was there for.

As for **The Beans**: drums, guitars, samples, and a sorrowful trumpet drone, which provided a pensive atmosphere in nearly every tune. This ambient stuff is truly soundtrack music. Their sound seemed to be performed in response to some outside drama, but unfortunately, there wasn't enough inside the music itself to interest me. Halfway through the performance, **The Beans** were accompanied on stage by a dancer in a sort of tutu. I thought this could actually be quite suitable, if only she provided inspiration for the music, and not merely visual accompaniment. Despite all of this, this band does make some good sounds.

I guess I was expecting **Buffalo Daughter** to be something along the lines of **Cibo Matto**. My God, even when they stepped on stage looking so damned cute dressed in their hip New Rock T-shirts, they fit the mould perfectly. I was pleasantly surprised. These tunes were just as fun and just as thick with synth and samples, but without the novelty of so many other Japanese bands you and I like so much (**Shonen Knife**, **Pizzicato 5**, **The Pugs**). That cuteness gets tiresome quick, but this was loud, serious fun. They played some loud guitars, funky synth, kickbutt beats, and two long ambient tunes which could be seen as shameless successors to prog-rock. This was New Rock, and I'm going to listen to their new album hoping for more of the same.

Cornelius

JONATHAN RICHMAN Sunday, April 5 Starfish Room

Jonathan Richman is not for everybody, so musical snobs beware. But for those with a sappy sense of humour or in need of affirmation that there is indeed some sincerity in this cold world, he is the performer for you. No one can sing love songs through the nose to objects in a third store like **Jonathan Richman**. The only complaints I heard from those around me were about the drunk "monkeys" and the kissy couples in the crowd and, for 10 bucks a ticket, all complaints are valid. However, all those monkeys and neckers were singing along so it was all good for me.

A longtime groupie of sorts informed us that **Jonathan** "hates performing in bars as he can't have kids around — he has two of his own, you know. I can imagine a smaller venue with less "monkeys" would have been an even more enjoyable experience, but as a longtime fan of **Jonathan Richman** with or without **The Modern Lovers**, I couldn't wipe the dumb smile off my face. He pulled out the hits like "Pablo Picasso" and "Dancing at the Lesbian Bar," and he did indeed do some dancing. At least I think it was dancing. Whatever he was doing, it was all good.

It's refreshing to see a happy, confident, and good performer. It was a long winter and **Jonathan Richman** in Vancouver means spring is here. Sign. Guh.

sydney

LAWGAVON BRACKET SUPERCHIEF

Wednesday, April 8
Maritime Labour Centre
This makes five times I've seen Fat

Wreck Chords heart-throbs **Lawgavon** and, frankly, I'm tired of the same-old, same-old. Every show has been the same. Same set of tunes, all from their home town — you'll never hear the good stuff from compilations.

This was probably the best I've ever seen **Lawgavon**. I think there are only two original members left — **Joey** the singer and **Chris** the enormously tall guitarist. New drummer, new other guitar, and new bassist, unless that other guy cut all his hair off.

For a change, they played "Wind In Your Sail" — their best song ever, as well as "Raise a Family," from that Fat comp, which tops anything from the new record. They sure didn't leave out the stand-bys, like "Brown Eyed Girl," "Angry Days," and "Kids Don't Like to Share," but they actually ended with "Stakin' the Neighbors," which everybody always yells for but they always refuse to play. **Joey's** voice lasted until

**TRANS AM
THE CHAMPS
Saturday, April 11
The Great American Music Hall, San Francisco, CA**
First off, the Great American is an incredible music venue. God knows when it was built, but to my eye it looked like a turn of the century Old West "opera" house — very lavish, very ornate, almost Baroque. And it had great sound. Not bad — Anyway, all the groovers in town were there to catch what one could safely label a "hot ticket": **Trans Am** — who have not only put out two of the finer albums of the last few years, but are also a mean touring unit — plus hometown heroes **The Champs** and their metal mayhem. As impressive as **The Champs** were, they came across as too much of a novelty act for my taste. They're essentially a three-piece (2 guitars and drums) that's fascinated by the "prog" elements of metal, especially early thrash metal. I mean, we're talking some serious arpeggios. And (like **Trans Am**) it's all instrumental so there's nothing that comes between you, the listener, and the licks. Their deadpan song titles were a real draw too — "tennis ball song" comes to mind. It was fun to see good old **Tim Green** again after all these years, but let's face it, **The Champs** aren't nearly as vital as the **N.O.U.**

with electronic textures and rhythms. *Surveillance* seems to take some of the louder, crunchier tracks on *Surrender to the Night*, remove their distortion, strip them down, and go from there at breakneck speed, using these tracks as its heart and soul.

Like I said, **Trans Am** are an impressive band — light, powerful, graceful — and when they have the room to cut loose, and they did, look out!

A.J.

FREAKWATER RICHARD BUCKNER Tuesday, April 14 Starfish Room

With **Freakwater's** new one, *Springtime*, being such a fine outing (quite possibly their finest — and, with opportunities to see **Freakwater** being so rare, I was extremely primed for their visit to Vancouver. Man, did they ever turn in a performance! They started off with a hilarious false start — a three-part a capella harmony that was just off — but after clearing up that problem, the band caught their stride immediately and never looked back. "Louisville Lip," "Twisted Wire," "Scamp," "Binding Twine" (all off *Springtime*), "The Old Drunk Friend," and their version of the **Carter Family** staple "Little Black Train" were all standouts.

(banjo, mandolin, fiddle, etc.) **Max Johnston** has given the band even greater range. But this is a band with personality — **Mr. Gay** nearly stole the show with his bound-dog looks and his olympic-calibre smoking (we're talking a minimum of two packs during their set alone); in fact, he just may be the "Lucky Luke" of the music world. But it was **Catherine** and **Janet's** storytelling that really won the crowd over. My personal fave was **Catherine's** story about making cracks in Buffalo, New York, about "buffalo chicken wings" — because, being from Kentucky, she'd certainly had to live through enough Kentucky Fried Chicken/Coleman Sanders jokes, and finding that those cracks didn't go over too well. All in all, a helluva performance.

Mr. Richard Buckner had a real nice baritone voice and some nice guitar playing to accompany it, but he failed to really leave an impression on me — that is, until he pulled out a cover of **Pavement's** "Here." Maybe it was the lack of reference points that kept me distanced from his other songs, maybe it had to do with the fact that I was gab-gabbing the whole way through his set.

Joe Briggs

THE MR. T EXPERIENCE TEEN IDOLS THE DISGUSTEENS Friday, April 17 The Columbia

It was a hot and sweaty night at the Columbia, and the air was right for punk rock. Late of Victoria's ex-Defektor, **Kelly Kijk** fronted the openers, **The Disgusteens**. Still a little rough around the edges, but expect big things from this bunch of good-time Charlies. Straight outta Nashville come **The Teen Idols**, riding a grassed-back, leather-clad, hard-rockin' wave of sheer entertainment. One great song followed another as we absorbed 45 minutes of solid quality. Finishing up with "59 Lubalions," **The Teen Idols** established themselves as one of the premiere live acts to grace our fair city.

And then came **The Mr. T Experience**. Over the years, they have been one of my favourite bands, an opinion reinforced with every album and live performance. While **MTX's** most recent release was less than outstanding, this live show was anything but. Best show of the tour, quite the bassist, and the best I've personally ever seen 'em. When veteran smoothie Dr. Frank wasn't makin' eyes at my girlfriend, he, Joel, and Jym were ripping through an hour of **MTX's** best and impressing the hell out of everyone there. What a show.

Trevor Fielding

JR centrestage at the starfish room



photo by ann gonzales

about the fifth song or so. That guy is very hard on his voice. **Superchief** opened. They were all right, kind of Pennywise-ish. Nothing groundbreaking. **Bracket** were second. I don't know what it is about them I don't like, but it's something, all right. They did play both songs that I like and were pretty brief. They're okay.

I always forget just how popular **Fat** bands are, and am surprised at the turnout at the shows. I suppose by now, I shouldn't be.

Trevor Fielding

Trans Am came on and were relentlessly impressive. Although they threw in plenty of the stripped, **Kraftwerk**-esque, electro-funk numbers that have become a trademark of theirs — two of these tracks even feature vocals (distorted, robotic vocals) — the tracks that they really seemed to relish the most and the tracks that really floored me were the big, meaty, guitar/bass/drums workouts that are at the heart of *Surveillance*. Whereas *Surrender to the Night*, to me, was defined primarily by its electro numbers and by its play

Freakwater is an immensely talented band. **Catherine Irwin** and **Janet Beverage** bear's vocals and harmonies are powerful and moving, and their vocals just seem to get richer and richer; **David Gay** is a rock-solid bassist and the addition of multi-instrumentalist

for more reviews & check out page 19

Printed Matters



BY GREG ELLIOTT

*You've got a way with words that no-one else can emulate/
I don't think anyone's that crazy to try.*

[Graeme Downes of The Verlaines, "Damn Shame" from *Some Disenchanting Evening on Homestead*]

KATE ATKINSON
Behind the Scenes at the Museum
(Picador USA)
TONY GRAY
The Lost Years: The Emergency in Ireland, 1939-45
(Little, Brown)

Due to a number of reasons — animosity against England, a desire to be seen as a fully independent nation, or a belief there was little they could contribute to the Allied effort — Ireland kept out of direct involvement in the Second World War. In no way did this mean the Irish did not sympathize with one side or the other or that they did not suffer. In *The Lost Years: The Emergency in Ireland, 1939-45*, **Tony Gray**, examines the effects Irish neu-



trality had on the island nation from his personal standpoint as a reporter for the *Irish Times*. He reveals the conflicts the Irish Republican Army had with the Irish

government, the difficult relations with Britain (a country who still viewed Ireland as a Crown possession), as well as the enmities between the Southern and Northern Irish. Given its brevity, this book acts as an interesting and involving primer to the history of the period. Unfortunately, Gray's overt bias sometimes overshadows context, especially his constant vilification — not always unreasonable — of De Valera. Also, the text is occasionally choppy, resulting from the journalistic style and the author's belief of communicating to an informed public. For its purposes, however, it performs well but not quite admirably.

The next selection deals with conflict both foreign and domestic. **Kate Atkinson's** *Behind*

the Scenes at the Museum relates the family history of Ruby Lennox, starting with her conception. It would scarcely do, however, to discuss the life of one child without introducing her predecessors, beginning with her great-grandmother Alice. From a small, countryside Yorkshire cottage to the city of York, during periods of peace and times of war, the family has suffered from losses, deception, and mischief. Strangely, the most prevalent of these is self-deception, either in imagining the circumstances better than they are or that the apparent options are the only ones available. This fascination with the fruits of the tree of ignorance has condemned Ruby's family — especially the female members — to lives of not so silent desperation. With rare exception, children are seen as demonic encumbrances, sent to murder the modest sanities of mothers and to destroy dreams, hopes, and happiness. Despite all this misery, humour pervades. Atkinson creates scenes of such peculiar, altogether human comedy through her characters and situations. It is her credit that she delivers these scenarios as observations, whether as a detached and omniscient quip or as Ruby. Given the depth of her characters, the superb quality of her descriptions, and the clarity of her focus and



language, it is not surprising Atkinson won the Whitbread Book of the Year (1995), as well as being a *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year. Yet as the *Boston Globe's* Amanda Heller noted, "[t]hat such an ambitious and brilliantly realized novel is also the author's first is absolutely astonishing." If you were to read anything this year, you ought to start with this. *



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Basslines

BY DJ NOAH • djnoah@direct.ca

It was Sunday, May 10th and just an hour after opening. Sonar was filled with people from all walks of life, all there to see and hear the head "Metalhead." The club was awash with Adidas stripes, Flakies, blue jeans and leather. There hasn't been such a diverse crowd at a club gig since The Orb played at Graceland a few years ago. I'm a big fan of jungle music and play a fair bit of it on my radio show, so I was really looking forward to an evening of great music, turntable trickery, and an overall good time. Unfortunately, this was not the case.

There's a reason why a dj is more than just a jukebox and it was the hip-hop djs of the '80s who demonstrated their importance as entertainers. People weren't just interested in what they were playing, they wanted to watch how they played the records and how they could manipulate them. Where's the entertainment in watching a dj light a cigarette, take another sip of beer, or take five minutes to look for another record with their back to the crowd? In other big cities, a dj like that would be booed off

the turntables. Because of the facelessness of today's dance music, it is up to the dj to put on a show in place of the artist that created the music they are playing.

Why am I getting all worked up about this, you ask? It's because I hate to see people being ripped off. Why were people paying \$15 at the door to see Goldie when a local dj with the same records could have put on a similar show? I'm sure that not everyone who was in attendance left disappointed. In fact, there were probably those that thought it was amazing and had a great time. But then again, there was at least one audience member who thought that Andy Bolkows was Goldie!

Finally, at around 11pm, the gold-toothed creator of *Timeless*, one of the most innovative and influential albums in jungle music, took to the stage. A subdued cheer emanated from the mixed crowd and the dance floor accommodated a few more enthusiastic fans. The 150+ bpm continued throughout the night and Vancouver was treated to an evening of drum 'n' bass unpar-

alleled by any other. The tracks were hot and because of its European sources, Goldie's fingers would probably be the only ones to touch them in Vancouver. We just don't get access to the same records, and some of the songs he played have yet to be released. As a world famous dj/artist, it is in the best interest of independent record labels and aspiring artists to give Goldie copies of songs to "test" for them. For the most part, new songs were all that the audience got. There were moments here and there during his extended dj set where he exhibited his skills, but it wasn't until towards the end of the night that the place started to come alive.

Goldie was on tour to promote his second full-length release, *Saturnzreturn* (FRR). With so much hype surrounding *Timeless*, would it be possible to equal or better such a work? You can judge for yourselves, but I suggest you borrow it if you can. With the exception of "Dragonfly," *Saturnzreturn* is a four-piece vinyl package that doesn't even come close to the magnitude of *Timeless*. *



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Demo Derby

BY SARAH EFRON • citrnews@mail.ams.ubc.ca

Read your morning paper carefully: a recent article published in the *Vancouver Sun* intended to clear the record about the indigenous uprising in **Chiapas**, currently being suppressed by Mexican authorities. The author claims that the **Zapatistas** are not authentic indigenous peasants but "a gang of opportunistic middle class revolutionaries" with ties to European terrorists. The article states that the December massacre of 45 people was not a paramilitary act but due to a "traditional vendetta between families." The article's deliberate inaccuracies sparked a small demonstration outside of the new *Vancouver Sun* offices.

Ontario Premier **Mike Harris** is up to his old tricks again. He waited until the school year was finished to announce the deregulation of all graduate program fees in Ontario. Undergraduate programs, like engineering where high salaries are expected upon graduation, are also being deregulated. (By this premise, my arts degree should be absolutely free.) Tuition

fees without caps can only lead to further difficulties for poorer, and even middle class, students. Higher fees in Ontario will likely lead to similar increases in other provinces, or inter-provincial barriers which will make it difficult for Canadians to study in other regions of the country.

UBC campus was adorned with **Coca-Cola** propaganda to prepare for the visit of the **Coke CEO**. Coke flags, banners and umbrellas were displayed on



campus, and even on the main road leading to the university. Student activists planned to throw a pin in the CEO's face,

but mysteriously, he was nowhere to be found the day of his planned visit. **Coca-Cola** has a literal monopoly at UBC. The administration and student union receive money so that Coke and Coke products (Barq's root beer, Minute Maid juices) have exclusive vending rights on campus.

In **Zimbabwe**, a student organizing a boycott against the privatization of his university was shot by the police. The third year science student was heading a boycott of classes in opposition to plans to convert the **University of Zimbabwe** food and accommodation services into a privately run service. The student was shot by a policeman in a moving truck and he had to have an operation to remove the bullet from his shoulder.

The **G8** meeting in Birmingham, England, and 50th anniversary of **GATT** celebrations in Geneva in mid-May sparked protests around the world. The European group **People's Global Action Against Free Trade (PGA)** write on their website: "These Neoliberal poli-

cies are creating social tensions in Washington. State is creating the first stages of industrialization... While the number of billionaires grows, more and more people around the world find themselves in a system that offers them no place in production and no access to consumption." World-wide protests included a march of 40,000 landless and homeless Brazilians and 23 regional conferences against the **World Trade Organization** in India. Police in **Seattle** tried to repress the protests by arresting and deporting dozens of people, including several journalists and all foreigners in a bicycle caravan from Germany. **Reclaim the Streets** parties were held in 35 cities around the world. The street parties aim to take the streets back from consumerism and use them for public gathering spaces. Toronto's first **Reclaim the Streets** was approximately 500 people take over several blocks of Bloor Street. Again, the police were on site, and arrested several people who refused to leave the street.

During the same weekend (May 15-17), activists and ar-



tists gathered on **Canano Island** in Washington. State **EAAR and Revolution**. People



worked on street theatre, dances, music and giant puppets for a parade in Seattle on Monday. The theme of the parade was "affluenza," or overconsumption. The parade turned many heads with its giant puppets, elaborate costumes, drumming and stilt walkers. The march began by Pike Place Market, stopped for some street theatre of **Niketown** and turned into a street party as others joined to reclaim a formerly pedestrian-only block.

The **Conférence de Montréal** on Globalized Economies brought together banking and corporate executives to discuss globalization. Anti-MAI activists called **SalAMI** (Sal is the French word for salt, AMI is the French acronym for Multilateral Agreement on Investment) organized a demonstration and a parallel conference.

Revolution was on the lips of many Vancouverites last month. SFU's Special Collections had an excellent exhibit called **Il est**

interdi d'interdire on the student revolt 30 years ago in Paris. The display included original posters and handbills from the revolt, which began after the government tried to make universities more useful to industry and economy. Students called for a revolution against freedom and authority in favour of creativity and pleasure. The revolt swelled into a strike which shut down factories, railways, airlines, communications, hotels and banks before the movement collapsed.

Rethinking Revolution, an annual festival of theory and performance art. A panel discussion entitled **Culture at the Counter: The Revolution Commodified** brought together academics, artists and activists to discuss the appropriation of revolutionary images by rock bands and advertisers. Artist/terrorist group **B.E.A.R.** took over the bear pit in Stanley Park for a performance of their biplane performance/occupation included pirate radio transmission and distribution of the **B.E.A.R.** manifesto. Part of the manifesto reads, "The revolution has been appropriated: bought, sold, mass produced, distributed and trademarked. It puts snap in your cereal, cherry in your Coke and wings on your pads. We want more than wage-slave service industry jobs, we call for occupations!" Send strategies, ideas, and comments to **Demo Derby**. [see email address in column header] •

Video Philter

BY TANIA BOLSKAYA

You're at a kick-ass game of beach volleyball where you dive for every spike and the sand crunches under your sport-sandal clad feet as you wipe your honeyed brow in anticipation of the next gnarly serve... You're driving out of the city in your Jeep, top down, babe at the side, ready to pound the brewskies with your buds and howl at the moon... You're ready to flash some of the skin you've spent the whole winter tanning and tanning, so you leap into the Cabriolet and cruise on down to Kits, sure that every glance will be approvingly leered your way... If any of these scenarios describes your fantasy/typical summer day, this column holds nothing for your reading pleasure. It would be best if you kept moving along. Nothing to see here.

If you're like me, you think of summer as that unacceptably sunny few months between **Academy Awards** night and the **Vancouver International Film Festival**. Going outside is something you risk only to a) go to work, b) rent a movie or c) grope for nuts and berries at the grocery store. Cool and refreshing as movie theatres are in the sweltering heat of a

25°C Vancouver day, the year's warmest season usually brings its most idiotic features. [I've never queried the fact that the most unutilized cinematic plot comes out of Hollywood—I don't trust a town where it never rains and the average temperature is 30°C]. Fifth Avenue Cinemas tries to keep the independent/foreign/quality ball rolling all year round, but often the happy medium between artsy, rainy-day independents and \$200 million ear-drum tearing studio projects can only be found at the video store.

Summer is the time of year when the more buoyant of the festival circuit films that didn't get picked up for wide release finally make it to video. Having run their merry way around the world, they are feeling primed to make back at least some of their investor's dough. Last year's **Vancouver International Film Festival** offerings included not a few movies in this category.

Newly on the shelves is one of the 1997 festival's most crowd-pleasing offerings, **Fever Pitch**. The story that many a Vancouver hockey fan could easily relate to centres on a 30-ish, laid-back teacher whose defining person-



ality trait is his love for the game of soccer in general and, specifically, his devotion to the Arsenal team. As this is a time in history when Arsenal was not exactly a football powerhouse, he has learned to live with suffering. Into his life walks (primarily erect) a female co-worker with whom he begins an "opposites-attract" relationship, despite her ignorance of and dislike for his life's passion. Following the true events of the 1988/89 English football season and intercut with flashbacks that give insight into the origins of a true fan, the film's romantic story mirrors Arsenal's rocky road to the championship. A successful romantic/sports comedy is hard to pull off; the delicate balance between the love-dovey and jack elements must be tempered with a good sense of humour about both. Though **Fever Pitch** does occasionally fall into the dumb-plat trap of putting the uptight female who's looking to "meet" against the slackish, easygoing sports nut who doesn't want to be "tied down," it will ingenuously poke fun at itself with an honest, self-deprecating wit that gives it a likeability that most Hollywood pictures in this vein

don't have. It helps that, in place of the de rigueur-in-the-USA Kevin Costner, we get the charming and affable Colin Firth.

Unfortunately, charming and affable are adjectives that I cannot use to describe the "Most Popular Canadian Film" at last year's festival: *The Hanging Garden*. At the annual Tania Bolskaya Awards, this movie won "Most Canadian Film," a prize awarded to the most whimsically earnest, yet yawningly self-absorbed domestic festival effort. In the oh-so-Canadian plot, a young, thin, gay man returns to the scene of his pubescent obesity to attend the wedding of his sister, who happens to be marrying the object of his past affection. His mother was/is cold and uncommunicative and his father was/is a drunk bully who likes to garden. Flashbacks mix with surrealism as he learns to deal with his past. Unlike most of its ilk, *The Hanging Garden* is not set in the provinces, but in the just-as-rural-Canadian Maritimes. The big surprise ending has two problems—it ties everything together too much too nicely and it's not that surprising. Except for the two actors who play his sisters—then, Sarah Polley [*The Sweet Hereafter*] and now, Kerry Fox [*Shallow Ground*], the performance is as flat as the director's writing. If you care to challenge me on any of this, *The Hanging Garden* is out on video June 2nd.

If a light is what you're looking for, it's finally possible to rent

Waco: The Rules of the Engagement, a shamelessly scolding documentary whose word of mouth warfare through the festival like tea got last year. Investigating the US government's responsibility for the disaster at the Branch Davidian Compound near Waco, Texas in 1993, *Waco* points out an admittedly biased, yet impossible to ignore picture of federal fuck-ups and cover-ups. Though not exonerating the choices of the "cult," which according to the film's evidence was short, it's trapped, gassed, and ultimately murdered. *Waco* seeks to give the Davidians a voice to balance the "official" words of the FBI and ATF. The combination of video tape from inside the compound, expert testimony, heat-sensitive photography and on-the-record government backtracking leave the viewer to ask the question fundamental to this film: do people whose beliefs clash with our own, and those of our justice system, deserve to die? Though heavy in terms of its subject matter and sometimes heavy-handed in terms of its message, *Waco* is never dull. In a summer of films like *Godzilla*, *Deep Impact*, and *Armageddon*, a little reality in the fire-and-brimstone department never hurt anyone.

If you like your reality a little less than the "you idiot!" side of a healthy and unpretentious dose of life-affirmation can be found in the latest **Errol Morris** documentary classic, *Fast, Cheap and Out of Control*. Made up of four guys—a topiary gardener, a mole-

rat specialist, a robotics scientist, and a talking dog—all talking about their jobs, with a little experimental mood photography thrown in, Morris again proves that it is possible to use film to tell stories in new and exciting ways. The infectiousness of the men's love for their respective crafts and the inspired editing of the ever-novice *Errol* make *Fast, Cheap and Out of Control* one of those movies that, like a good dinner, sits with you for awhile. Nourishment for the psyche, this film has the ability to make everyone feel like a humanist—a by-product of the PhD-in-Philosophy-holding Morris' love for his own crafts: thinking and filmmaking.

In the last of these films and filmmaking myself, though not necessarily in that order, I have a lot to do this summer while I'm sequestered away in my lightproof viewing room. At the top of my list is that letter I have to write to the VIFF Board of Directors. The topic: those insipid, grotesquely unfunny commercials that play before each film. Though they purport to be advertising the various contents of the festival, I will threaten to expose their real intent—to drive filmmakers (i.e. pass-holders, the bread and butter of the festival) so insane with loathing for hellus that the "you idiot!" side of a healthy and unpretentious dose of life-affirmation can be found in the latest **Errol Morris** documentary classic, *Fast, Cheap and Out of Control*. Made up of four guys—a topiary gardener, a mole-

7 inch



BY THE INVISIBLE CLAIRE

No message this month! The oracle has writer's block.

Attendees of the recent Nordwuar the Human Serviette extravaganza! (Citra Rush will recognize the **MURDER CITY DEVILS** as the high-steppin' greaser boys who spat on the stage, set their organ on fire, and induced maniacal dancing in rebellious teenagers. The recorded Devils are neither as charismatic nor as musically exciting as the real thing, but this is natural and to be expected. Rock and roll is, in most of its forms, intended to be a live experience, up-front and centre with all the undisturbed trappings of heat exhaustion, ecstatic dance moves or lack thereof, and demonic possession. "Dancing Shoes" is plenty sweaty, plenty swanky, and recorded in excellent stereo sound. "Tokyo Gold," despite an interesting thesis statement (they still know how to rock and roll in Tokyo), is a typical B-side, a poor shadow of its superior twin. I still find MCD's worship of **Johnny Thunders** and **Iggy Pop** somewhat trying, but have convinced

myself that it is a homoerotic thing and, thus, excusable. (Die Young, Stay Pretty, 1932 1st Avenue, Suite 1103, Seattle, WA, 98101)

No information is provided on or in the packaging concerning the matter, so allow me to use my powers of deduction to explain how the **SICK BEES** achieve such androgyny with their vocal lines. Thesis one: the Sick Bees are hermaphrodites! Unlikely, but possible. Thesis two: the Sick Bees possess a gender-defying pedal which distorts the gender identity of band members! Once again, unlikely, but technology is always bringing forth useful devices such as the one I have just described (if the possibilities! This contraption, if it exists, could revolutionize music and, from there, the world! Call me mad, will they! Thesis three: the Sick Bees have two vocalists, one of either sex. They sing together in such a seamless manner that the illusion of separateness is destroyed, and male joins female in perfect buzzing harmony. Since there is no way for me to prove any of my three theses at this time, I will quit this

useless dissection of the vocals and move on to the instrumentation. "Push" is slow, starlight ball-room rock which sweeps through the cosmic ether in an atonal but alluring manner. "Come To Troy" features brass drones (saxophone? trumpet?), treble overload, and a message of Christian devotion. "Corn" is buried in mighty kickdrum, percussive confusion, and strange samples; 4:29 of indescribably demented fun. You wanna hear for yourself. (Up, PO Box 21328, Seattle, WA, 98111-3328)

I get a lot of free frisbees from Denver garage rock label 360 Twist, most of which I elect not to review for reasons of time, fatigue, and personal whim. This month, however, I will briefly skip over three reasonably new releases and drop the gospel thereof. Let's begin. **THE SECULARS** EP, Social Skills, comprises five songs of fast, snotty, very poorly recorded punkability. This appears to be a live or semi-live document. Righteous old-school (à la 1955) bass lines infect the whole mess. **THE INSECT** feature my favourite promotional

device on the cover of their 7": a naked chick draped in an American flag and saved from indecency by red-white-and-blue pasties. They do a **Northwest Company** cover, "Hard to Cry," with the requisite glitter and croons. Their own songs are much faster and less distinctive, although "Slyer" is a decent instrumental piece with harmonica. And **GEORGIA'S VENDETAS**, with their scalloring, hog-squealing, bikini-toting guitarist, make good, solid rockability. (360 Twist!, PO Box 9367 Denver, CO 80209 USA)

Olympia old-timers **KARP** are back, spreading heavy metal mayhem over two long, tortuous sides of snow white vinyl. What monstrous guitar! What harsh screaming! Extra points for the chorus of the damned intoning furiously at the end of "Rowdy." One feels as if one is being chaperoned across Stygian waters towards the lightless flames of the underworld. (Up, PO Box 2132, Seattle, WA, 98111)

RUN CHICO RUN, a trio of Island boys, try their hands at social commentary on the A Secretary Speaks EP. Allow me to quote from "DJ Fvahh":

"The kids are out on the floor/they feel they could have paid more than 30 bones to come in/and watch the demigod spin/And then there's after the show/the girls are ready to go/and everyone in the know/ is trying to slip 'em free blow."

For some reason, I find that

extremely funny. "It's All Good" is just as amusing, for different but related reasons. "Voluntary Solitary" features another tidbit of hilarity: "Stad boys sit in the jerkin in time/stroking hard for the man." As for the music, it's silly guitar pop. (Stereotype, 41302 Gladstone Ave., Victoria, BC, V8R 1S1)

Behind their amateurish MacPaint-style cover art, **KUMQUAT** are, well, amateurish. "Fallen Child Porn Star" is so loose that it falls apart at every opportunity. "Sneer" is tighter and better, full of tempo shifts



and vocal distortion. These youths are feeling kinda sonic, but they've got quite a way to go before they achieve the masterful sloppiness of their (presumed) idols. (Sex Not Suicide, 1509 Julia St., Berkeley, CA, 94703)

The date on the back is 1995, but this **TAFT HOTEL** single, recently deposited in my mailbox by persons unknown, is so good that its age matters not

one whit. The design is gorgeous and the record label, Co-dependent, is cooperatively run. The best part of the whole package, however, is the music. "Free The Witches" begins slowly and continues at a relaxed pace until the last 30 seconds, whereupon what originally seemed a sweet Sunday afternoon ride reveals itself to be a stomping through hardcore city. Strong rhythms and heavy bass jolt the innards, even when they're being played quietly. "Purple" has a more classically emo structure and, like, this record, "Sneer" is tighter and better, full of tempo shifts and vocal distortion. These youths are feeling kinda sonic, but they've got quite a way to go before they achieve the masterful sloppiness of their (presumed) idols. (Sex Not Suicide, 1509 Julia St., Berkeley, CA, 94703)

PHOENIX THUNDERSTONE's cover of **Prince's** "Free" has a grainily fixated bar-band sound which brings to mind **Skid Row** in ballad mode. Nothing wrong with that, nothing at all. "Pinprick," on the flip, features the vocal stylings of guitar mistress Wendy Van Dusen, who, with her pseudo-Alabamian drawl, makes me think of what **Jarboe** might sound like after sucking lemon and joining a pop rock combo. This single is a groovy picture-disc with cartoon woodchucks and skunks on it. (Heyday, 2325 3rd Street #339, San Francisco, CA, 94107)



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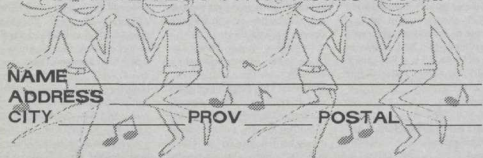
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Under Review



ALBUMS • ZINES

JOHN AQUAVIVA

From Saturday to Sunday Mix (Florida)

Mr. Aquaviva! Be my house-master! You, oh great one—founder of Plus 8 and Definitive Records in Toronto, with many great house releases once again—show us what you do behind the decks! The smoothest, whipped blend of tasty house and techno. Saturday Mix: Groove. Up. Bump and grind then whip to frenzy with hard beats. Sunday Mix: Down. Tired. But ready for more and a slap in the ass from Mr. Aquaviva. Aquaviva again shows us why he has a monthly residency at the Florida Club in Spain, where he plays five hour sets. We wish he would come to Vancouver more often. Buy this. Includes tracks by DJ Slip, Plus 8's *The Kooky Scientist* and *The Jedi Knights*. Worth every penny and I pity the sucker who missed Mr. Aquaviva at Celebrities last month.

Tobias van Veen

BRAID

Frame and Canvas (Polyvinyl)

Ahh, "emo," the little subgenre

reserved for bands who span the boundary between pop punk and "emotional" indie-rock (à la *Superchunk*). Braid, an emo band much like *Sunny Day Real Estate* and *The Promise Ring*, sing little ditties about sly topics using lots of vague adjectives and metaphors, which leads me to believe that they probably write their random lyrics while reading a dictionary. Their guitar riffs are definitely catchy and there are so many hooks in the 12 songs that they often become cheesy and predictable because of the picky-picky, and-then-it-didn't-distort-pedals pattern of every single track. This is not to say that I think Braid suck, because I don't. For me, they're always fun to listen to, but you have to be in the right frame of mind to like this album.

On one hand, I can hear something overdone and bad like *Third Eye Blind* when I land an ear to this Braid CD. On the other hand, I can hear something unique and enjoyable in these songs, with their endless hooks and weird time signatures. It's a lot better than your average poppunk record, that's for damn sure! Christopher J.C. Cordary

CHIXDIGGIT

Born on the First of July (Honest Don's)

Calgary's favourite sons burst back onto the scene with a 12-song punk rock explosion that'll make you forget all the *Celine Dion*s, *Bryan Adams* and *Great Big Sea*s combined. While not quite as consistent as their 1996 debut, *Born*'s highs easily outweigh its lows. KJ and the kids rock harder than ever with smashes like "Chupacabras" and "Ohio" and crooners fit to melt your heartstrings, like "Julianne" and "Sikome Beach." Again, with handsome packaging care of Tom Bagley and far fewer cries of "Tel's rock!"—evidently they need the suggestion box—this is a fine sophomore effort which will presumably garner much southern favour. Yes, *Fat Mike*... Anything you say, Master...

Trevor Fielding

THE CRYSTAL METHOD

Vegas (Outpost/Universal)

While listening to this release from *The Crystal Method*, I couldn't help comparing it to *The Prodigy* and *The Chemical Brothers*. For some, this is a favorable comparison, for others, not so favourable. Vegas is an album that I can put on when I'm driving and pass many an exciting hour. The breakbeats in most of the tracks are well done. This is a dancer's album. All the tracks take a more rock-oriented format, as they are all individual songs; lots of build-up, lots of bass. I like this album. It's the one that piqued my interest in electronics and if it does that to other people, all the better.

Shane Vander Meer

FREAKY CHAKRA

Blacklight Fantasy (Astralwerks)

"Boss and Bleeps," '98 style," said Neil Landstrum. This would also apply to *Freaky Chakra*'s new album, *Blacklight Fantasy*, which explores the ranges of sample-happy house and mature, minimalist trance to intricately structured electro-trip breaks reminiscent of early Warp-era releases. Too many samples for my tastes, but the album is a definite progression and a smooth, gonging-in-space listen from *Drum Bentley*. It's also a step away from the melting cheese of West Coast breaks and progressive trance that everyone else (and the mainstream "electronic" scene) has fallen into these days. The album has far more of a Detroit electro feel to it, mixed with a touch of West Coast, and reminds me of *Vapourspace*'s recent offerings. Enjoy the snook.

Tobias van Veen

HAGFISH

Hagfish (Honest Don's)

The conclusion I drew from repeated listenings to *Hagfish*'s last album was this: they play very good poppy punk almost identical to *All*. This isn't too surprising, since the tag team of Stevenson and Egerton were knob-twiddlers for bands. *Hagfish*, however, has the dumbest lyrics I've ever heard. The worst? Worse than *Fluf*. It's hard to like *Hagfish*, for this very reason. As far as the new album goes—well, the music's the same, and the lyrics... better. It's not the best thing I've ever heard, but songs like "Anniversary Song," "Closer," "Band," and *They Might Be Giants*' "Twisting" are enough to make this a vast improvement on the last.

Trevor Fielding

RICHIE HAWTIN

Concept 96 (Minus)

Canada's composer of minimal music, *Richie Hawtin*, aka *Plastikman*, has released a CD of collector's 12" which came out from 1996 to 1997. These 12" are a minimal concept in techno. The *Plastikman*-Detroit style is taken to the silence and, with tones repeated and panned for an entire track with subtle change; abstract and haunting rhythms and beats. Hearing the entire series from start to finish is quite a revealing treat. There is a pattern in the silence and *Mr. Howlin* dictates it very, very well. Makes me long for a party with 40 bassbins and Hawtin on four decks with a joystick-controlled quad sound system. Instant orgasm. I tell ya'.

Tobias

IRIDIUM

The Racquet EP (Lowdown)

Another local recording expressing the ethereal. It's nice and interesting, but nothing really makes me spin and makes me want to either spin this out in a deep-house or morning techno setting or listen to it endlessly at home. Iridium is forming its own sound, though, and the tracks have a developed, west coast-ish/*Phil Western*-ish sound to them. Favourite? "Tempest" will probably be played on the wheels of steel with the nicely worked, dreamy and just-wake-up-from-a-coma vocal sample, as well as "Green Towels" (whoazzup with the name?) with the saxophone doot-a-loot-loot. Personally, I still like "Psychos Living in Berlin," because of its underground, Parisian-sounding feel. Come to think of it, the EP is a fine piece of work, but nothing bites. Good local artist.

Tobias

JUGHEAD'S REVENGE

Just a Sined (Nitro)

This review is based on my copy of *Just a Sined* without a sleeve cover, or even song titles. Just bear with me. *Jughead's Revenge*'s last album was the one

that got me to like this band, for whom I didn't much care previously. *Image Is Everything* was a great album. *Just a Sined*... good. Note the difference. Songs like "Domino," the one which might be called "Lust Not Cool Anymore," and the last one (sung by somebody else—hey, don't ask me who are standouts, featuring their trademark satire and slambop on punk rock. The rest of the album is mired in mediocrity, though, and doesn't do much for me. It's still good, solid fun, but doesn't leave much of an impression.

Trevor Fielding

LUNGFISH

Artificial Horizon (Dischord)

Lungfish take the slow and heavy route through 11 thoughtful songs on their latest Dischord release. Five of these 11 songs are instrumental and provide a sort of meditative padding for the lyrical intensity of pieces like "Love Will Ruin Your Mind" and "Slip of Existence." *Shed The Weight* is the strongest song on the album, a slice of vision. It ends with the following sentiment, which I hold to my heart as the authoritative truth of an inspired poet:

"Don't shun the world, shed it/ If anyone you meet does not believe it/ Tell them the talking trees have decreed it."

The Invisible Barbara

THE MAKE-UP

In Mass Mind CD (Dischord)

The Make-up gospel ministry is back with a double dose of that maximum soul/gospel yeh-yeh sound that they've been setting the woods on fire with since 1994. In *Mass Mind*, the band is at the peak of their powers, effortlessly moving from MCS-flavoured psychedelically scorchers like "Live in the Rhythm Hive," to driving no-sound workouts like "Watch It With That Thing," to rousing, spiritual odysseys like "Do You Like Gospel Music?" and "Caught up in the Rapture," to pulsing, soul nuggets like "Drop the Needle" and "Centre of the Earth."

Last year's simultaneous releases of *Sound of War* (K) and *After Dark* (Dischord) were certainly a bold move, showcasing increasing inventiveness in the studio as well as the majesty of *The Make-up*'s performative abilities somehow, though, what should have been a case of grace to a sick industry, a sick society, a sick world, and all you sickos who live your lives contentedly day-by-day in such a world, came up a little short.

With *In Mass Mind*, *The Make-up* have managed to come up with focus and vision. YEAHHHH! That's right, baby, the sick is back and she's pissed. Lookout! "Watch It With That Thing" on its own is a revelation; it may be THE Banger. Here, in a word about masterful dynamics, instead of simplistically decrying such dynamics or adopting a privileged point of observation outside of such dynamics, lan "el gato" Svenonius steps

defiantly into the role of the slave, or, rather, he admits to his position as a slave. "I know my place, I'm a slave... there's no underground railroad, and there's nowhere to go anyway... I know my place, I'm for sale... oooh, YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!" Creating a link between slavery and one's alienated existence within late capitalism is both creating such a link and drawing upon America's history of human slavery is downright provocative. In a sense, it reminds me of the work of someone like Rainer Werner Fassbinder, who in the mid-1970s started creating complex filmic texts which were not only critiques of capitalism, racism, exploitation, etc., but were also textual expressions of the dynamics involved. At one point, Fassbinder considered naming one of these projects *Slaves of Order and Tranquility*.

While in *Mass Mind* finds *The Make-up* at the peak of their powers, *Blue is Beautiful*, a 16mm film "about" featuring *The Make-up* made by one James Schneider as some kind of project for the Corcoran School for the Arts (evidently, it is much more of a trifle. The film is ostensibly about *The Make-up*'s attempt to escape the USA and attain refuge in Canada because of the political oppression they've been subject to in their native land. But essentially, the "plot" is just an excuse for a lot of nicely shot documentary-style footage of the band in action on stage and on the road. Unfortunately, the emphasis on the road trip and the gigs means that the band's "message" and Ian's notorious skills as a monologist and ranter get pushed to the side. Much of the film is at the peak of their powers, especially the live stuff is great, however, and the film is not without its seductive charms. I got the feeling that this was primarily Schneider's version/vision of *The Make-up* and that, if the band took on a similar project in the future, they should most certainly work with someone with whom they could create a TOTAL VISION.

a.j.

THE MALCHIKS

Skavott-Garde (Spawner)

Is it against CTR law to review a Malchiks album? I mean, isn't it just a given that they're great and we all listen to them? Besides, hasn't every member of *Discorder*'s readership been to a Malchiks bizz garden... I mean, *Concerts* so far? I don't have to say something like, "this 40 million-piece outfit has finally done the unthinkable, yada yada yada..." Do it! You know every member of like. I'd say, "Go get the album," but you probably already have it. It's catchy, it's quirky, it's witty, it's good. They say stuff that you wish you had thought of. Their songs would be the highlight of every mixed tape. I think my personal favourite track is "Lover Boy" (cuz deep down, don't we all love *Tina Turner*?), but heck, it's all great.

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SACKVILLE These Last Songs (Mag Wheel)

Picture a rural farmhouse or an isolated log cabin in the woods on a chilly, gray, autumn day. These are the kinds of images Montreal's **Sackville** brings to mind. Most of the songs—like "Uplstate," "Invisible Ink," and "Clothesline"—are meandering and lethargic, occasionally letting loose into short fits of noise. "Music to kill yourself by," it's how a friend of mine described it. "Her Ghost Will One Day Rise Again" is probably my favourite song; it's a little dirty from the rest, kind of gaseously in fact, though I'll stop short of calling it uplifting.

Although their instrumentation (including violin, banjo, table steel, organ and even a piano) might hint at it, you can't quite pin the country label on them. I try my damndest not to compare one band to another, but I've gotta succumb and point out that **Sackville** sound an awful lot like **Rex or Palace**. It just seems too obvious not to mention.

I don't know whether or not there's any significance to the album title.

Fred deF

SWERVEDRIVER 99th Dream (Zoro Hour)

The music there has changed a lot in the last five to seven years; grunge has pretty much come and gone, and electronic's now in. It seems everyone's long since forgotten **My Bloody Valentine** and the scores of mch-pupped British "guitar bands" that were once beloved a few years ago. But **Swervedriver** is one "guitar" band I always thought was deserving of all the hype.

No, I haven't really listened to them much since 1993's *Mezzal Head* (I still haven't heard 1995's *Ejector Seat Reservation*). But this album, *99th Dream*, has definitely rekindled my interest in the band. My very first impression of the band, produced once again by Alan Moulder (*My Bloody Valentine*, *Smashing Pumpkins*), was that it sounded a bit too thin and gritty, but I've grown to like its rawness. I think I was half expecting the polish of the *Mezzal Head* album. Adam Franklin's lazy vocals are still buried deep in the mix and they've still got those layers of heavily processed guitars and spacey effects swirling in, out, and around—their trademark sound.

This album is a bit sparser, dreamier, and a little more toned down than before. On average, the songs are a bit shorter than they used to be, though there are still a couple of tunes over seven minutes. It seems **Swervedriver**'s new more focused on song than riff. "Stellar Caprice" is a great loungey instrumental that wouldn't be out of place on a *Friends* or *Dean Martinez* or *Calexico* album, yet it still sounds like **Swervedriver**. And, thankfully, they haven't completely abandoned their more straightforward, melodic tunes like "These Times" and "Up From The Sea," and they're still capable of rocking out, which they do here and there throughout the album.

I don't think there's anyone that can pull off this genre as well as **Swervedriver** can. And hey, I made it all the way through without saying "shogaze."

Fred deF

TEEN IDOLS Teen Idols (Honest Don's)

Hands down, this is the best album I've heard all year. Fast, catchy, rockin' punk in the same **Ramones**-worship vein as **The Queers** and **Screeching Weasel**. From the opener, "Come Dance With Me," straight through to "Anybody Else," Nashville's **Teen Idols** whip through 14 songs, scalding hits without a clunker in the bunch. Witness "1989," "I'm Not the One," or "Peanut Butter Girl" ... the proof, my friends, in the pudding. **Honest Don's** already impressive career takes a giant leap with the addition of this very fine band.

Trevor Fielding

PHIL WESTERN The Escapist (Map)

Escape from what? If anything Phil, aka Philth of **Download** aka Cap'n Stargazer, aka one half of **Off and Gone**, aka something to do with **Skinny Puppy**, has rounded up another reason to keep living in Vancouver: we deserve it. I've never into believing this is Lotus Land. Or perhaps the album just deserves for us, the deception seen most on the last track, "Stay Clean," with its haunting melodies that just wants to make you snuggle with something funny, smoke the weed, and take a little nap. Beautiful soundscapes and ethereal beats are punctuated by industrial blasts, invoking the modernist aspect of the cover art. This is obviously music assembled from traveling the world, perhaps a mental voyage, as the inside plus show. Well worth it.

Tobias

WIZO Kraut & Ruben (Fat)

You don't know how long I've been waiting for this. A new album from the best band in Deutschland? Oh, baby. It's not exactly new, mind you. **Kraut & Ruben** is a collection of (only) eight previously released songs: three from 1996's *Herrenhandtsche*, a couple from the German edition of *Uuuuargghh!*, plus some covers and compilation tracks. As always, it's the ones in German that are my favourites, even though I haven't a clue what they're saying. This is another superb release from **Wizo**. We can only hope for two things: the next one is a bit longer, and the tour scheduler realizes that Canada has a west coast, too.

Trevor Fielding

VARIOUS ARTISTS Foxtrax (Graal/World Serpent)

This compilation was put together by John Balance and his close circle of "friends and loved ones" to help pay for the alcoholism treatment he is currently undergoing. The resulting album is an interesting collection of oddities and miscellany from the World Serpent

gang. John's partner, **Peter Christopherson**, starts *Foxtrax* off with "In My Head a Crystal Sphere of Heavy Fluid" (dedicated to the memory of **William S. Burroughs**), a rather slow, mellow piece which features synthesized flute and blues guitar. **The Inflatable Sideshow**'s "Bone Frequency," with its cult-up vocals and heavy guitars, is considerably heavier and at moments sounds almost "mainstream industrial." Fortunately, the song is mixed eccentrically enough to escape the domination of that tag. Good old **Nurse With Wound**, of whom I've never been particularly fond at a level beyond the intellectual, contributes two tracks, one of which seems to be an old reorganization framed by BBC radio commentary. The second track is an almost tolerable ten-minute white-wash cover of a song by the powerful skree whose frequencies mess up your brain. **Coff** themselves are in fine form on "Blue Rats (Blue Cheese Mix)" and "Heartworms."

Both songs are quite dancey, but in *DO IT* in his or her right mind would play them after 12 midnight or before 4 in the morning, unless he or she was quite mad or intent upon frightening the young 'uns. And, finally, **Current 93** do "A Dream of the Lightbulb." Since **DO IT** is not only one of the best bands going in this day and age, one of the only bands worth a toss, but they're without a doubt one of the very best bands you'll ever see live (yeah, **YOU!**). Many thanks to **Nardwaur** the Human Ser-viette for bringing the M.C.D. up along with **Head** and **The Pirates** for his 11th anniversary wild west comedy-fest, and many thanks to **Nardwaur** for rechristening the **Cambrion** Hall proper.

I wish Mr. Balance a successful recovery and hope that this project provides some monetary support.

The Invisible Barbara

SOUNDTRACK Shooting Fish (EMI)

There isn't much to say about the *Shooting Fish* soundtrack. It's a compilation of cute, funny songs by cute, funny bands to go with the cute, funny movie. The tunes are fun and poppy, selected from recent hit British pop albums, such as "Neighbourhood" and "Me & You Vs. The World" from **Space & LP Spiders**, and "Bluetonic" from **The Bluetones**. Expecting to fly. The spread of songs will turn you into a bounding monkey if you are into, dare I use the defunct catch phrase, Brit-pop [ACK!], but if you are the type who is sickened by happy pop, *STAY AWAY*. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Tunes by **Strangelove**, **Silverman**, **Dubstar**, **The Divine Comedy** and **The Wannadies** grace the compilation, but the most enjoyable tracks are definitely the yummy **Hal David/Burt Bacharach** tunes sung by our favourite psychic friend, **Donne Warwick** ("Do You Know The Way to San Jose") and **Jackie De Shannon** ("What the World Needs Now Is Love"). You get the picture. Top off the sweet, chocolate goodness with swelling movie music performed by **The Warsaw Symphony Orchestra**, and there you have it. Buy it if you wanna. I would.

alio hussey

real live action continued

THE EVAPORATORS THE GOBLINS THE SKABLINS THE MURDER CITY DEVILS HEAD

THE PIRATES

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THE MURDER CITY DEVILS

THE GO-DEVILS

Saturday, April 25

The Columbia

First off, let me clear something up.

Rock 'n' Roll: Elvis, Jerry Lee, Gene Vincent, The Rolling Stones, Jimi, The New York Dolls, Patti, Suicide, The Clash, X-Ray Spex, The Cramps, etc.

Rock: The Beach Boys, The Who, Gary Glitter, The Ramones, The Sex Pistols, Pink Floyd, Boston, Red Speedwagon, etc.

OK, now that I've taken care of that matter ...

Any time you get a chance to see **The Murder City Devils**, I say **DO IT**—not only are they one of the best bands going in this day and age, one of the only bands worth a toss, but they're without a doubt one of the very best bands you'll ever see live (yeah, **YOU!**). Many thanks to **Nardwaur** the Human Ser-viette for bringing the M.C.D. up along with **Head** and **The Pirates** for his 11th anniversary wild west comedy-fest, and many thanks to **Nardwaur** for rechristening the **Cambrion** Hall proper.

Missed **The Pirates**, but apparently they were a hoot AND they're available for birthday parties, baptisms, confirmations, etc. **Head** was punk of that straightahead, three-chord variety that I tend to avoid like snakes. The **Murder City Devils** came on next and delivered a blistering, sweaty, impassioned set to a largely sedentary audience—meanwhile, a few of us did. **Werewolf** covered, trancelike stuff. After mini-sets by **The Goblins** (not to be confused with **The Goblins**) and the rude soundz of **The Skablins**, **The Evaporators** came on and loosed their bizarre charms upon the crowd. There's no question about it, **The Evaporators** are a crack band and when you match that up with **Nardwaur**'s hypnotic powers, not to mention his vintage 1983-4 Thriller tops and bottoms that would make loosed the crowd, you've got a potent combination. This outing saw **The Evaporators** shredding garage punk numbers as they've rarely shredded 'em before, but also continuing to branch out into other territories, such as kandy-loated reggae and disco beats (think **Lee Sayer** on "Jude"). Sheer mayhem.

Night two of the **Murder-City Devils** storm-Vancouver found them moving from what was essentially a theatre space (hell, there was even a balcony) to the down-dirty punk hovel that is the Columbia—perfect. They thrived on its low stage, its cramped space, its "ambience," and pulled out all the stops. When I thought they couldn't go any further, they closed with "Flashbulb," their adrenaline-fueled panacea to taking the stage on a Saturday night, and their selcoucher tribute to Ignatius Pop on metallic k.o., "Broken Glass," complete with flaming flares!

The Go-Devils (not the Japanese ones) opened up the night with some light arctic-punk; **The Black Market Babies** (B.C. not D.C.) closed the night with some faux thrunders cum interior cum pop. **Singer** wanted to be the crowd's dad, and, sure enough, by the end of the night he'd been ridiculed, gobbled upon, and doused with stale beer. Some performers achieve some kind of transcendence by becoming a pariah-figure; others just get shot upon.

a.j.

MUSCLE BITCHES PUNCHED UNCONSCIOUS BLOODHAG
Friday, May 8
Starfish Room
First up was Seattle's **Bloodhag**. Each song was a two-minute blast of frenetic heavy metal named for a medical science fiction author. What? Yes, **Bloodhag** are very literate fellows. They threw out books to the crowd, took a literary pop, and were thoroughly unappreciated—more's the pity. Next was, I suppose, **Punched Unconscious**. I spent their entire set hoping they'd stop. Their frontman sounded a lot like **Anthony Michael Hall** when he gets drunk in *Weird Science*. I didn't like them at all. Nuff said.

The Muscle Bitches were last in row. As it turns out, the guy from **P.U.** is the Bitches' bass player. Well, this band is incredible, just bursting at the seams with showmanship. Their set included, but was certainly not limited to, flaming symbols, leather G-strings, miniature guitars, flaming ex-members, battling crucifixes, flaming miniature guitars, operatic singing voices, baritone sax, riffs to make **Iron Maiden** weep, and stage presence in the league of **Qwar**. All this shrouded in eye-popping amounts of smoke ... this is one amazing band.

Trevor Fielding

GARY NUMAN SWITCHBLADE SYMPHONY Thursday, May 14 Starfish Room

The mood inside the Starfish Room that night was one of intense anticipation as we all waited for the arrival of **Gary Numan**. The black-clad group huddled close to the bar, put up to protest our hero from overzealous fans. And, trust me, the fence came in handy. The opening band, **Switchblade Symphony**, put on a respectable show. **Numan** had the music, but more than that, their hair was amazing!

With the crowd geared up, the red lights shone on stage and out walked the man everyone had been waiting to see (some for up to eight years). **Numan** put much stock in rock stars, I was shocked to feel myself swoon in his presence. But the real thrill of the night came when Gary hit the first few chords of "Cars," and the crowd started to dance in unison until the entire room shook under our feet. In an interview with the King of the Synthesizer, Gary mentioned that he would have to win back all the fans he lost in the mid-'80s with a great live show, and he delivered. He was so well received, this troupe played two encores, finishing the evening with an outstanding rendition of "Me! I disconnect from you." A fellow **Numanoid** told me at a bus stop after the show that someone offered him \$100 for his ticket, but he wouldn't have sold it for anything. I think this is a fitting tribute to a man who played the best concert I have ever been to in my life.

Shane Vander Meer

NEW BOMB TURKS Sunday, May 17 Starfish Room

Even though it had been about three years since the last time they were here, it didn't take long for **New Bomb Turks** to get off and take everyone along for the ride. Actually, bassist Matt Reber seemed a little pissed out during the first couple of songs—maybe it was that bass sound, which didn't appear right to me at first either, but then he was used to it. **Singer** Eric Davidson commanded the most attention, steering the rock and roll juggernaut through four albums (OK, five if you include *The Passin' Out the Poison* double LP) and numerous singles. He made the most out of the newly erected partition around the stage, much like a troublesome toddler tries to escape the confines of his playpen. And we, the audience, were more than willing to let him free. I don't think I've yelled louder, sang along more, and jumped around with such excitement than at this show. Prime example: when guitarist Jim Weber slashed out the chords to their cover of **Wire's** "Mr. Suit," the result was a pure favour and a real moment of unbridled energy that I haven't seen out of a Vancouver crowd in a long time. If you haven't got any New Bomb Turks (including their brand new bass player *At Rope's End*), do yourself a pure favour and attend the Columbus, Ohio, crew to your collection. You won't be sorry.

Byce Dunn

On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CTR 101.9 FM

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:30-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae rina all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE alt. 3:00-5:00PM Red cowshit caught in yer boots country.

WIRELESS alt. 3:00-5:00PM
QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

identities.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM

Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, folk songs, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM

Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl! With your hosts Mr. Checks, Flip Out & J. Swing on the 1 & 2's.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Drop yer gear and stay up late. Naked radio for naked people. Get bent. Love Dope. Eclectic music.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM

Your favourite brownshes, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM

Playing a spectrum of music from garage band to big band, acoustic to electric.

NEEDLEPOINT 1:00-3:00PM

Mismatched pop rock, a quick ride downtown. Don't miss the Snow White Float. I love the Snow White Float.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM

An endeavour to feature dead air, vetted (andence only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century

composer — can you say minimalist! — and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human-answering machine.

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

BIRDWATCHERS 5:30-6:00PM Join the Sports department for their eyes on the T-birds.

HANS KLAUS' MISERY HOUR alt. 6:00-7:00PM Max of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

RADIO BLUE WARSAW alt. 6:00-7:00PM

Join Library queens Helen G. and Kim on their info quests set to only the best music.

HIP HOP HAVOC 7:00-9:00PM

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sure Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

June 12: "Boss Tenor". A classic by saxophone master Gene Ammons.

June 8: Ira Sullivan w/ "Blue Strail."

June 15: 1998 Jazz Festival focus

June 22: Canadian-born trumpeter/composer Kenny Wheeler, "Siren's Song."

June 29: Pianist / composer Mal Waldron with soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy and The Super Quartet.

DRUM 'N' SPACE 12:00-4:00AM Vancouver's only drum 'n' bass show. Futuristic urban breakbeat at 160bpm.

TUESDAYS

J-POP WONDERLAND 6:30-8:30AM

Japanese early morning imports! **AROUND THE MIDDLE EAST IN AN HOUR 8:30-9:30AM** Middle eastern music for your morning drive.

THIRD TIMES THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM

Tonit trashrock, sleazy surf and pulsating punk provide the perfect scissor kick to your head every Tuesday morn. There's no second chance when King's is used for evil with drunkist list Bryce Kilgus!!!

FIVE HOUR LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

"Have a rock 'n' roll McDonald's for lunch today!"

POLYFILLER 2:00-3:00PM

TWO WORDS: AVANT GARDE FOLK

LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO 3:30-5:00PM Power to the people! Feminist

news, hip-hop tracks, lesbian rock and sushi galore!

DIGESTIVE TRACKS 6:00-7:00PM

Underground hip hop music. Live on-air mixing by DJ Ripout. Old school to next school tracks. Chew on that shit!

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meat the unheard where the unheard and the borders of hardly heard are heard, courtesy of host and demo director Dave Sawyer. Heard up! New music, independent bands.

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta express with your loco hosts Rolando, Komu, and Paulo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a tan! j!RADIO SABROSA!

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian better living fo's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous.

SUN

MON

TUE

WED

THU

FRI

SAT

6							6
7	BBC	BBC	j p o p wonderland	suburban jungle	fill in	caught in the red	BBC
8							
9	are you serious? music	Breakfast with the Browns	around the middle east	teenage dreamdate	the last desk	Steve G.	THE SATURDAY EDGE
10			third time's the charm	DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	MUSIC FOR ROBOTS// Filibuster	Ska-t's Scenic Drive	
11		the STUPID RADIO SHOW	Five Hour Lunch	love sucks	CANADIAN LUNCH	These are the breaks	J-w-o-n-d-e-r-l-a-n-d
12	ROCKERS SHOW	needlepoint	Colonel Sander's Hideout		Steve and Mike	Little Twin Stars	POWER CHORD
1			B. A.	Sugarcube Factory	justin's time		
2	WIRELESS/ BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	The Meat-Eating Vegan	LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWHAIR 2 xxoiz	Lucky Scratch
3		evil vs. good					
4	filler in	BBC Worldnews	NOOZE	BBC World news	NOOZE		hearsay
5		birdwatchers	radio active	entertainment desk			
6	QUEER FM	Hans Klaus' misery hour/ radio blue warner	digestive tracks	ESOTERIK/ SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	Far East Side Sounds/ African Rhythms	RADIO FREE AMERICA
7	Hello India	hip hop havoc	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why/ mary tyler moore show	on air with greased hair		SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
8			RITMO LATINO	Folk Oasis			
9			Venus Flytrap/ witchdoctor highball	str8 outta jallundar	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS	live at the hi-hat
10	THE SHOW (hiphop)				Slippery Slot / Groove Jumping		rebel jazz
11							
12							
1	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	DRUM T' SPACE	AURAL TENTACLES	OPEN SEASON	Plutonian Nights	LIAP SINK	Filet of Soul/ Earwax
2							
3							
4							

ous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, synth, blues, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAYS

SUBURBAN JUNGLE 6:30-9:00AM

Some cheese for your morning bagel
DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER
10:00AM-12:00PM electronic.

LOVESUCKS 12:00-2:00PM Music at work. (Cut up mixed genres—edecic, electric included but not mandatory).

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motorladdy, repeat."

NOOZE 5:00PM-5:30PM

On vacation.
RACHEL'S SONG 5:30-6:00PM Info on health and the environment, with a focus on Vancouver. Topics ranging from recycling and conservation projects to diet, health, and consumption and sustainability in the urban context. Comments and ideas are welcome.

ESOTERIK alt. 6:00-7:30PM Ambient/electronic/industrial/ethnic/experimental music for those of us who know about the lifelines.

SOLID STATE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M.Path.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM dirty three, longstocking, nutter butters ... these are a few of our low-key-wit things to let let!

MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW alt. 7:30-9:00PM Girl music of all shapes and sizes.

FOUK OASIS 9:00-10:00PM The show that's not afraid to call itself folk. Featuring the best in local and international acoustic/roots music: Singer-songwriters, Cajun, Celtic and beyond!

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALUNDHAR 10:00PM-12:00AM Let DJ Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungari "Chakkh de phutay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes—remixes and originals. Braaaa!

OPEN SEASON 12:00 - 4:00AM Mixed bag of surprises coming your way.

THURSDAYS

THE ARMO CONNECTION 6:30-8:30AM Bringing you the best in west coast rap.

THE LAST DESK 8:30-10:00AM Listen carefully as Johnny B brings you CiTR's classical music show. Featuring Canadian composers, amateur hour & more. Radio can fuoco, for the masses.

FLIBUSTER alt. 10:00-11:30AM From according to the backwoods via swingin' lounge sounds ... this show is a genre free zone.

MUSIC FOR ROBOTS alt. 10:00-11:30AM Viva La Robotica Revolution. Estrogen-charged robots on Planet Noiz.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Torino to Gander, Bullin Island to Portage la Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVIE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby. (hardcore).

JUSTIN'S TIME 2:00-3:00PM Serving up your weekly dose of Shirley Horn and other jazz-filled collections.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989. www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/club/6479/

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

ENTERTAINMENT DESK alt. 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Bikerates, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Rosts of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bands from 10-11.

SLIPPERY SLOT 11:00PM-1:00AM Form animals, push toys and Napalm Death. These are a few of my favourite things. It's all about shootin' the shit and rock 'n' roll, baby.

FRIDAYS

CAUGHT IN THE RED 6:30-8:30AM garage rock and other things.

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here ... and bring some too.

SKA-TS SCENE-KI DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Scooty and Julie, playing the music that gets them dancing and singing in the DJ booth... (no, really!)

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM Underground, experimental, indie and women. Jazzzy space rock at its finest.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS ... 3:30-5:00PM NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM selfitled.

NOOZE 5:00-5:30PM On vacation.

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM Sounds of the transpacific underground, from west java to east Detroit. Sound system operator, Doc Chow.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.

HOMELESS 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc.

Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavour of homebase.

LUMP SINK 12:00-6:30AM The show that does not hate you. Lullabies for the christchild with Mister G42 and the late Postman Pat. (Industrial/experimental/psychelic-noise-gothic—complete with a German-English dictionary and a shiny space suit). Alternates weeks with Tobias' Paradigm Shift (Rant, phone-in and kiss your mother with the guests).

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus **World Cup Report** at 11:30 AM. 8-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

LICORICE ALLSTOPS 12:00-

1:00PM All kinds of music spoken word, interviews. Phone in for comments or requests. Tune in and expose yourself to new music and ideas.

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM Blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna and AJ.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KPCC (Los Altos, Cal.).

LIVE! AT THE HI-HAT!! alt. 10:00PM-1:00AM "Live!—shows and bands—admission \$6.00—Performers are subject to change." Maximum Soul.

REBEL JAZZ alt. 10:00PM-1:00AM High, Low, in the middle. All around. Sense. Nonsense. Happy. Sad. Content. Truth. Lies. Shiva. Shiva. None of the above. All of the above. And a sea of synthesis.

EARWAX alt. 1:00AM-DAWN "Little bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noise." Late-night radio soundblast destined to fust you hard. Zine features, past experimental chunes, and the occasional turntable symphony. "Money, we'll rock you on 'til the break of dawn."—G. Smiley

CiTR
101.9 FM

W H O W
H O W

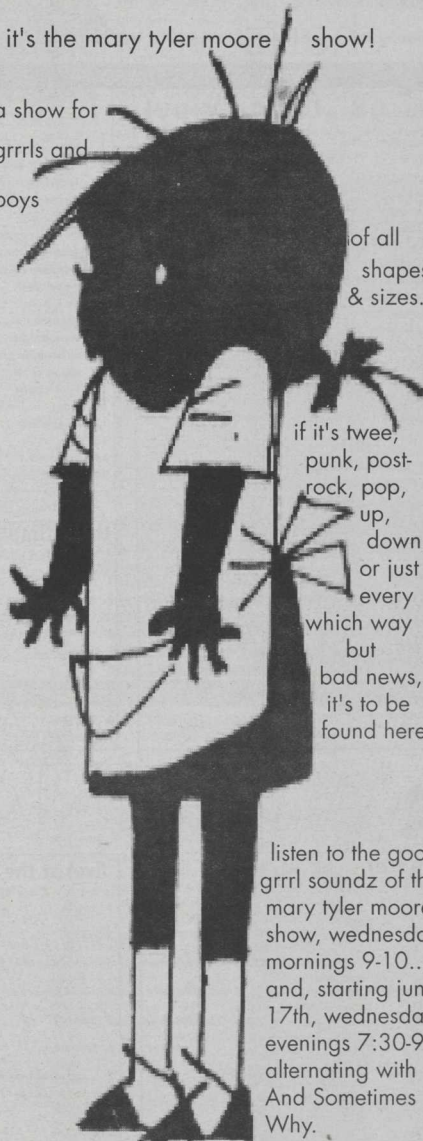
Arts	Rachelle Roe
Board Chair	Harry Hartscheg
Business	Thomas Hicks
Current Affairs	Sarah Effen
Demos/Cassettes	Katrina McEon
Engineer	Richard Anderson
Entertainment	Clinton Ma
Mobile Sound	Andrew Orchard
Music	Julie Celero
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Production	Shane Vander Meer
Programming	Namiko Kunimoto
Promotions	Alicia Hussey
Record Librarian	Alison Gale
Secretary	Christa Min
Sports	Slavko Bucfal
Station Manager	Linda Scholten
Traffic	Klaudia Zapala
Vice President	Jerome Yang
Volunteer Coordinator	Anna Friz

it's the mary tyler moore show!

a show for
grrrls and
boys

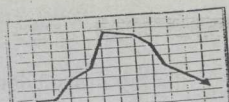
of all
shapes
& sizes...

if it's twee,
punk, post-
rock, pop,
up,
down,
or just
every
which way
but
bad news,
it's to be
found here!



listen to the good
grrrl soundz of the
mary tyler moore
show, wednesday
mornings 9-10...
and, starting june
17th, wednesday
evenings 7:30-9,
alternating with
And Sometimes
Why.

CiTR charts



WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON 101.9 FM

June 98 Long Vinyl

1	evaporators/goblins	i gotta rash	nardwuar/mint
2	fugazi	end hits	dischord
3	murder city devils	s/t	die young stay pretty
4	various artists	selector dub narcotic	k
5	gaze	mitsumeru	k
6	chixdiggit!	born on the first of july	honest don's
7	perfume tree	feeler	world domination
8	colexico	the black light	quarterstick
9	tullycraft	city of subarus	cher doll
10	david kristian	crickewood	alien8
11	saboteurs	espionage garage	american pop
12	red aunts	ghetto blaster	epitaph
13	red monkey	make the moment	stamp!
14	make up	in mass mind	dischord
15	the beans	portage	zulu
16	godspeed you ...	l!f@#	kranky
17	dirty three	ocean songs	touch & go
18	weekenrhans	fallow	g-7 welcoming committee
19	various artists	funkungfusion	ninja tune
20	braid	frame & canvas	polyvinyl
21	bedhead	transaction de novo	trance syndicate
22	bangs	tiger beat	kill rock stars
23	sloan	navy blues	murder
24	joan of arc	how memory works	jade tree
25	little red car wreck	motor like a mother	yoyo
26	veda hille	here is a picture	page
27	compound red	always a pleasure	desoto
28	tortoise	int	thrill jockey
29	new bomb turks	at rope's end	epitaph
30	quasi	featuring "birds"	up
31	june of 44	four great points	quarterstick
32	forecasts farewell	s/t	independent
33	various artists	girl crazy!	remedial
34	massive attack	mezzanine	virgin
35	dianogah	as seen from above	ohiogold

June 98 Short Vinyl

1	junior varsity	pep rally rock!	twist like this
2	banfire madigan	s/t	k
3	bunnygrunt/rizzo	split 7"	kittybop
4	the cannanes	it's a fine line	harriet
5	gaze	seedless	k
6	the murder city devils	dancing shoes	die young stay pretty
7	dester kinney...	free to fight	candy ass
8	mant from u.n.c.l.e.	friends to none	lance rock
9	the go devils	end	feline
10	the kiss offs	how to deliver the kiss that kills	peek-a-bo
11	kitty craft	kitty craft	rover
12	sarah dougher	s/t	k
13	mybouts/mad planet	split	harriet
14	various artists	fireworks	ihl
15	local rabbits	pops & company	murderrecords
16	ladies who lunch	everybody's happy ...	grand rally
17	the colorifics	vista cruiser	collective fruit
18	jale	true what you say	sealed tote
19	mel-bananal	s/t	slap a ham
20	tullycraft/rizzo	split 7"	harriet

June 98 Indie Home Jobs

1	full sketch	sketchersize
2	captain cook and the nootka sound	i'm glad for you
3	run chico run	pusha girl
4	london parties	unmatched sack
5	the self esteem project	you and your crew
6	the dirtmints	amaze me
7	the tremolo falls	twister
8	verona	war towers
9	emulsifier	up the down side
10	the go devils	trigger me
11	the hounds of buskerville	blowin' off some steam
12	dreamy angel	laundromat queen
13	three goblins	golden tokens
14	touch & gos	campus radio boy
15	the dirtmints	wee turtles
16	all purpose	not fuckin' fair
17	reserve 34	sixteen, clumsy and shy
18	three pirates	the pirate song
19	jp5	fuzzyhead pills
20	celestial magenta	in return

third time's the charm top ten

tuesdays 9:30 - 11:30 am

1	new bomb turks	at ropes end LP
2	murder city devils	dancing shoes 7"
3	the hookers	satan's highway LP
4	chixdiggit!/groovie ghoulies	live@starfish room
5	the vendettas	s/t LP
6	avail	over the james LP
7	gasoline	let's go harley 7"
8	the chosen	new world 7"
9	tight bros	take you higher 7"
10	gearhead	zine #7

what we listened to ...

inbreds (winning hearts) • promise ring (nothing feels good) • fugazi (end hits) • sloan (navy blues) • huevos rancheros (endsville) • versus (two cents plus tax) • jessica bailiff (even in silence) • supergrass • rufus wainwright (s/t) • daau (we need new animals) • secret stars (genealogies)



Top 3 Top 10 Lists!



filibuster top ten overplayed albums

thursdays alt. 10:00 - 11:30 am

1	bongwater	power of pussy
2	sook-yin lee	lavinia's tongue
3	v/a	planet squeezebox
4	captain beefheart	trout mask replica
5	big rude joke	blue pariah
6	colexico	spoke
7	black cabbage	"F160" [ok, so it's a song, not an album]
8	zolly cracker	flush
9	anything	by freakwater
10	waco brothers	cowboy in flames

live! at the hi-hat! top ten (more or less)

saturdays alt. 10:00 pm - 1 am

1	suicide	23 minutes over brussels
2	fugazi	end hits
3	marlon magas	them any moods of
4	murder city devils	"dancin' shoes"
5	trans am	surveillance and cybatron
6	the make-up	in mass mind
7	...and you will know us by the trail of dead	"when we begin to steal"
8	pan american	s/t
9	evan lurie	"love lost"
10	shellac	"didn't we deserve a look at you..."

disorder top ten chocolates

1	ice cream
2	bar
3	milk
4	truffle
5	easter bunny
6	doughnut
7	covered coffee beans
8	mousse
9	pecan pie
10	bittersweet

Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN JUNE

MAY FRI 29 Los Lobos@Plaza of Nations; Christine Duncan@WISE Hall; Velvet@Chameleon; Tara MacLean, Sean Macdonald, Dreamlogic@Victory; NewMusicWest@various venues

SAT 30 Matthew Herbert@Sonar; Maggini String Quartet@Roundhouse; Crash@Chameleon; Thrill Squad, Hyperpsyche, Earthboy@Van Press Club; Brundilly@Starfish; NewMusic West@various venues
SUN 31 Vancouver Rape Relief & Women's Shelter 20th Annual Walkathon@Stanley Park; Vancouver New Music Ensemble@Vogue

JUNE MON 1 Jazz Fish@Naam

TUE 2 Breathe Underwater, Sometimes Y, Glimmer@Starfish

WED 3 Enema, Vinyl, Phrapp@Starfish

THU 4 Mike Watt & the Black Gang Crew, Kinzie Starr@Starfish

FRI 5 Versus, Elevator Through, Tremolo Falls@Starfish; Citroen, Mi Novia@Brickyard; Friday Fest: Forecasts Farewell, Fridge Art Tiara, Paradigm Shift, Graphic Nature, Truck@Minor Pavillion; 2nd Annual Int'l Sasquatch Symposium@International House, UBC; People Playing Music@Italian Cultural Centre; Deadcats, Rocky Craig@Railway

SAT 6 Paul Kelly, Bob Kemmis@Starfish; Esthero@Sonar; 2nd Annual Int'l Sasquatch Symposium@Freddy Wood Theatre, UBC; Trenchant, Malchicks@Railway

SUN 7 CITR PRESENTS: Tortoise, Isotope 217@Palladium; 2nd Annual Int'l Sasquatch Symposium@Freddy Wood Theatre, UBC

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE! TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE JULY ISSUE IS JUNE 15TH!

MON 8 Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Jazzmanian Devils@Richard's on Richards; Comedy Train: Dave Nystrom, Duncan Minette@Railway Club

TUE 9 Shania Twain, Leahy@GM Place

WED 10 Larry Vollen@Naam

THU 11 Un1, Threat from Outer Space, Bill's Psychotic Mother@Starfish

FRI 12 Roadside Moument, Rot Ironsmile, Fridge Art Tiara, Forecasts Farewell@The Space; Woebegone, Rootabeggars@Starfish; Surfdusters, Saddlesores@Railway

SAT 13 CITR PRESENTS: Dirty Three, Calceico@Starfish

MON 15 Jazz Fish@Naam

WED 16 Bruce Jefferson@Naam

TUE 17 K's Choice, The Tories@Starfish; Richie Furay@Richard's

THU 18 Hum@Starfish

FRI 19 NOW Orchestra@Western Front; Molestics@Whip; Wynton Marsalis@Orpheum; Mollies Revenge, Edgar@Railway

SAT 20 CITR PRESENTS: Inbreds@Starfish; Ray Condo and His Ricochets, New York Jimmy and the Vic Storm and the Cabaret Girls@Waldorf Hotel; Mollies Revenge, Edgar@Railway

MON 22 Becca Jane@Naam

WED 23 Unsans, Kittens, Closed Caption Radio@Starfish
TUE 24 Garage Rock Nite with The Spitfires@Starfish; Time of Her Life: Daisy Duke@Jupiter Cafe

THU 25 Swervedriver, Bardo Pond, Transistor Sound

& Lighting Co.@Starfish; The Emptys@Railway
FRI 26 Destroyer, Gaze@Vancouver Press Club; Jungle, Bionic, Tricky Woo@Starfish
SAT 27 CITR PRESENTS: Duotang, Weakerthans, Plumtree@Starfish; Hard Rubber Orchestra@Performance Works
MON 29 Jesus Lizard, Firewater@Starfish; Grrrrs with Guitars: Caliope, Anne Leeder, Monica Lee@Railway Club; Man or Astroman@Doublewide, Bellingham
TUE 30 All, Hagfish, Zeke@Starfish

SPECIAL EVENTS

Spring! 2nd Annual Vancouver International New Music Festival
 A rare chance to experience the best and most innovative composers today! Featuring orchestras, ensembles, & guest soloists performing 48 new works and 19 world premieres; plus feature artist, James MacMillan. Runs Friday, May 29-Saturday, June 6 at various venues. For info, 606.6440 or www.newmusic.org

Modern Abstract Paintings 1984-1996
 James K-M presents his first solo exhibition in 8 years, featuring bold, abstract paintings in oil and acrylic on wood and canvas. Runs May 29-June 19 at Moon Base, 231 Carrall St. Fore more info, 608.0913

du Maurier International Jazz Festival
 The Coastal Jazz and Blues Society continues to bring to Vancouver a diverse collection of jazzy talent. Catch new music faves, old standards, and more! Runs June 19-28 at various venues around the lower mainland, plus free shows in Gastown. Jazz hotline: 872.5200

VENUES • BARS • THEATERS • RESTAURANTS • RECORD STORES

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance)	488 6219	LaWood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211	Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.)	738 6311
Anderson's Restaurant (Jazz on the Creek)	684 3777	Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	873 4131	Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)	874 6200
Anzo Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128	It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. (downtown)	688 7755	Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown)	687 6355
Arts Hotline	684 2782	Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)	224 8007	Seynham Hall 605 Mountain Hwy (North Van)	
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie)	689 7734	Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 (near Demon St)	251 6626	Shadoball Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby)	291 6864
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnson (Granville Island)	687 1334	La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)	685 7777	Sinjar 66 Water (Gastown)	683 6695
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald)	732 5087	The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown)	675 9858	Southlark Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th)	876 6463
The Blinding Light 256 E. Georgia (between Main & Gore)		Lucky's 3972 Main	685 3288	Squish'd Knish 4470 Main (at 29th)	879 9017
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St.	685 3978	Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)	230 MARKS	The Space 316 Hastings (downtown)	
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195	Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)	688 8701	Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown)	682 4171
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant)	873 1331	Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway		Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)	689 0096
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099	Minors Pavillion 7191 Granville (Richmond)		Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)	688 3312
Celebrities 1022 Davie (at Burrard)	689 3180	Moon Base Gallery 231 Carroll St. (Gastown)	608 0913	St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmuir (downtown)	
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)	689 0806	Moon & Powell (Gastown)	689 0649	Stonempler Cabaret 1082 Granville St. (downtown)	
Chan Centre for the Performing Arts 6265 Crescent Rd (UBC)		Naam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano)	738 7151	Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville (downtown)	
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St.	687 5007	Old American Pub 928 Main (Kitsilano)	682 3291	Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)	681 8915
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place	682 4629	Orpheum Theatre 5mithe & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050	Theatrical Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)	988 2473
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova)	683 3577	Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	688 3456	Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)	254 9185
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1531	Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	688 2648	Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	876 4168
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (Gastown)	683 5637	Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)	688 2648	Vancouver Press Club 2115 Granville (S. Granville)	738 7015
Crossstown Traffic 316 W. Hastings (downtown)	669 7734	Pizza Theatre 817 W. Hastings (downtown)	525 0371	Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)	222 2235
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End)	683 2201	Purple Queen 15 Water St. (Gastown)	681 1732	Vet/Vashout 1020 Granville (downtown)	872 2999
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carroll St.	662 3207	Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia	876 2747	Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	872 8337
DVR 515 Davie (downtown)	682 4388	Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)	682 3221	Vinor Mega Store 788 Burrard (at Robson)	669 2289
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)	689 0926	The Range 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)	681 6740	Waterfront Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	331 7909
Food Not Bombs Vancouver	872 6719	Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown)	685 7050	Wagtail Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	681 6727
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)	822 2678		602 9442	Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave	876 9343
Gargue Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown)	822 9364		665 3050	Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main)	
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown)	684 MASK		473 1593	W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	254 5858
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown)	688 8701		685 5585	Women in Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	732 4128
Greg's Place 45844 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack)	795 3334		681 1625	Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	322 6057		687 6794	Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	738 3232

EXHIBITING THIS JUNE AT ZULU

Some Of Our Favourite Artists In Residence



ARAB STRAP Philophobia CD/2LP

Recently discovered at the Glasgow Art College, Matador Records wasted no time in linking these stark postpers to a North American deal. Here joined by members of *Belle & Sebastian*, this duo's sparse sound quietly queries the edges of love, despair, and the ebbing tides of procreation (read shagging!). A lyrically brilliant listen, sure to arouse any curiosity!

CD 16.98 2LP 14.98



CALEXICO The Black Light CD/LP

Zulu favourites and Arizona's famous sons, CALEXICO will be visiting Zulu and performing in the store on Saturday June 13 @ 5:30 prior to their evening show at the Starfish Room with *The Dirty Three*. *The Black Light* shines its dark glow on the ambient side of country as *John Convertino* and *Joey Burns* mix border radio instrumentals, moody acoustic numbers and mariachi to carry you off on a giant river of sand. Truly beautiful. Don't miss the opportunity to see one of the most celebrated rhythm sections of the past decade perform within the cozy four walls of Zulu Records and shine their *Black Light* on you!

CD 16.98 LP 12.98



AMON TOBIN Permuation CD

Tobin's first Ninja Tune record *Recollage* was a top choice here at Zulu; we all loved it. *Permuation* keeps up the jazzy drum and bass goodness. And with more sophisticated and engaging song structures, things have gotten even better — TOBIN doesn't bother to trudge along the expected routes of the genre. A very fine "turn" to hear.

CD 16.98 Available first week of June



JEFF BUCKLEY Sketches For My Sweetheart The Drunk 2CD

With mixed emotions, this much anticipated posthumous 2CD collection of song "sketches" arrives to our ears. Documenting much of the recording sessions prior to his tragic death, we are given a glimpse of JEFF BUCKLEY's sublime world. A songbird with pure goals, survived by music in all its emotional complexity, his song is ours.

2CD 26.98 Also available: 3LP import, \$46.98



DUOTANG The Cons & The Pros CD

From the land of cheap beer at the Royal Albert comes Winnipeg's tanga duo with their sophomore effort, twelve songs that continue up the escalator from where their debut album, *Smash The Ships And Raise The Beams*, left off. Engineered and produced by TO hall-of-famer *Brendan McGuire*, *The Cons & The Pros* adds horns, organ and dynamic vocal harmonies to the equation. DUOTANG plays the Starfish Room on Saturday June 27 with *Plumtree* and *The Weekenders*, preceded by a Zulu Records in-store performance on Wednesday June 24 @ 4:30.

CD 14.98



NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS The Best Of CD

NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS' *The Best Of* spans the moods and moods of one of the most prolific and influential songsmiths in recent history. After umpteen albums and a book or two, this purveyor of the dark and dreary has decided what he deems his best songs and it's all on one CD. A great starting point for all those who've wondered and a must have for all those who know.

CD 16.98

SNUFF

Tweet Tweet My Love CD/LP

Ever-consistent punkers, SNUFF returns to the Fit Wreck Chords trying pan with another strong outing of "bankers'n'mash" punk/pop. Following up *Dennamussabehon*, this new platter features 14 songs waiting to rub you out!

CD 16.98 LP 12.98 PS... Vinyl available late June

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

RFTC CD

Rocket music has its share of talented tunesmiths and arrangers. If you haven't already heard of him, get ready to add ROCKET front man *John Reis* to the list. He's good, very good. Not to mention the rest of the band; they do what's right, true and necessary (oh those horns). And these boys are stylish enough to receive U.K. press too. They deserve it, it only for their haircuts and clothes. If *Elvis*, *Tommy James*, *Boyce and Hear*, *Brian Wilson*, *Burt Bacharach*, *Phil Spector*, *Barry Gordy*, etc. were all hip to garage rock, then they'd be into RFTC. This is it. RFTC have got the soul.

CD 16.98 Available June 2nd

GIRLS VS BOYS

Freakonica CD

Dark, dirty, sexy, urban and suave, the boys of GVSBS know how to move your ass: with big bottomed grooves, of course.

Freakonica is a major label debut that fulfills the momentum and promise of GVSBS's indie discography. Yes indeed, the beats get big and loud, and the rock hooks are good and solid — like you like 'em to be. And no, they're not a dance outfit, but you'll give it up anyway. GVSBS satisfy your urges.

CD 16.98 Available June 2nd

SERGE GAINSBURG

L'Histoire De Melody Nelson CD (reissue)

Best known for his notorious song *Je T'Aime... Moi Non Plus* — which features the sexy breathing and moaning of *Jane Birkin* — GAINSBURG is now receiving renewed interest, his time has come again. For example, both *Jarvis Cocker* and *Mick Harvey* pay him tribute, and emulate his cultured persona, style and iconoclasm. Also recognized as a prolific songwriter for other artists, GAINSBURG's own renderings have considerable charm: they are seductive, urbane and intelligent. Come get acquainted with this fount of suavity and taste.

CD 16.98

MORE MORE MORE

PLASTICMAN Consumed CD

BILL LASWELL Oscillations 2 CD

PETER GREEN The Robert Johnson Songbook CD

VARIOUS ARTISTS Bert Bacharach Songbook CD

Rx Bedside Toxicology CD

BARRY ADAMSON Can't Get Loose CD-EP/12"

JOAN OF ARC How Memory Works CD/LP

PROJECT 2 Space Groove 2CDs

ST. ETIENNE Good Humour CD/2LP

GI BLUES Gi Blues CD

BUGHOUSE 5 Everything Must Go CD

STAFF PICKS!!

BRADY:

BEANS Portage (still)

CUT CHEMIST MEETS

SHORTKUT VERSION 1.1 Live

@ The Futureprimitive

Sound...

REFUSED The Shape of Punk to

Come

MASSIVE ATTACK Mezzanine

CALEXICO The Black Light

DIRTY THREE Ocean Songs

DESTROYER City of Daughters

JOHN ZORN Circle Maker

CHRISTINE:

SAINT ETIENNE Good Humour

VARIOUS Funkjunkfusion

PIZZICATO 5 Happy at the End...

(remix)

BERNARD BUTLER People Move

On

RADIOHEAD Airbag/How Am I

Driving?

CUT CHEMIST MEETS

SHORTKUT VERSION 1.1 Live

@ The Futureprimitive

Sound...

MASSIVE ATTACK Mezzanine

PULP This is Hardcore

OST The Knack & How to Get

It (re-issue)

VARIOUS 20th Century Blues

GRANT H:

PERE UBU Pennsylvania

PAN AMERICAN

DAVID KILGOUR And the Heavy

S

CALEXICO The Black Light

DIRTY THREE Ocean Songs

FUGAZI End Hits

KEN:

CALIFORNIA

BEVIS FROND North Circular

FINLEY QUAYE Maverick A

Strike

MORCHEEBA Big Calm

CALEXICO The Black Light

GASTR DEL SOL Camouflage

HAYDEN The Closer I Get

KEVIN:

QUASI Featuring "Birds"

HAI KARATE Hai Karate

NEW BOMB TURKS At Ropes

End

EVAPORATORS I Gotta Rash (w/

Goblins)

VARIOUS All Punk Roads

PERNICE BROTHERS Overcome

By Happiness

MIKO:

BANGS Tiger Beat

ARTO Lindsay Noza Chills

SECRET STARS Geneologies

RED MONKEY Make the

Moment

DIRTY THREE Ocean Songs

FUGAZI End Hits

SONG OHIA Impala

QUASI Featuring Birds

NIC:

MONEY MARK Push The

Button

SEAN LENNON Into the Sun

BEANS Portage (yest)

ASTRUD new CD

LE MANS M Novela

Biographia

ARAB STRAP Philophobia

DONKEY ENGINE Donkey

Engine

PULP This is Hardcore

PAUL:

DANKO JONES Danko Jones

VARIOUS ARTISTS The Get It!

HAGFISH new CD

LOVE AS LAUGHTER #1 USA

VARIOUS ARTISTS Pen City

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

RFTC

SLOAN Navy Blues

ROBYNN:

SECRET CHIEFS 3 Hurayla

EVAPORATORS I Gotta Rash

(w/ Goblins)

PLATY Transmutations Live

MONEY MARK Push The

Button

GERRILS Are You Sleazy



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Vancouver, BC
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STORE HOURS
Mon to Wed 10:30-2:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00
Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-6:00

ZULU INSTORES THIS MONTH: CALEXICO Saturday June 13 @ 5:30pm... DUOTANG Wednesday June 24 @ 4:30pm